

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

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Amongst Ourselves

On April 1, 1948, a dream of the editors of *The Liguorian* became a reality when the United States post office department officially established the post office of "Liguori, Missouri" on the monastery grounds from which *The Liguorian* is published.

The name "Liguori" was chosen for this new post office in tribute to St. Alphonsus Liguori, who was the founder of the Redemptorist Fathers, publishers of *The Liguorian*, and at the same time one of the pioneer Catholic journalists of modern times. He was one of the first to make use of the invention of printing to put out pamphlets, popular tracts and low-priced books to enlighten the minds of average people on the truths of their faith. He was one of the first to recognize that the written word has power to educate, to inspire and to transform individuals, and also to save Christian civilization from the forces attacking it in modern times. He published 111 books before he died in 1787, a tremendous output when one considers that he was an active missionary, the founder of religious orders of men and women, and a great bishop. For his writing and teaching he was named a doctor of the universal church. It is natural that the Redemptorists should accept him as a model and patron of their publishing work, and adopt his name for their magazine (*The Liguorian*), for their publishing monastery (Liguori Mission House), and for their post office (Liguori, Missouri). One of the principal items on their publishing list is a modern life of St. Alphonsus Liguori, written by D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R. and L. X. Aubin, C.Ss.R., which sells for \$2.00 a year.

Liguori Mission House, at Liguori, Missouri, is the active center of many publishing ventures besides *The Liguorian*. Published there is "Perpetual Help," a monthly magazine dedicated to the spread of devotion to the Mother of God. Located there is *The Liguorian Pamphlet Office*, from which are sent forth thousands of pamphlets and books on popular subjects of interest to all classes of people. Among the books that can be procured from *The Liguorian Pamphlet Office* are some of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori himself, as advertised on the inside rear cover of this issue of *The Liguorian*. Also at Liguori, Missouri, there is a distributing center of *The League of St. Gerard*, the patron of mothers in danger. A postcard addressed to Liguori, Missouri, will bring leaflets, medals, etc. (without charge) for mothers who want or need the help of this powerful patron in their special dangers.

It is our hope that Liguori, Missouri, will become a great powerhouse of truth for the minds, of happiness for the hearts, and of peace for the souls, of millions. All who will assist us in making it so will be recommended daily to the powerful intercession of St. Alphonsus and Our Mother of Perpetual Help by the 12 Redemptorists located at Liguori, Missouri.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD
HENCEFORTH BE ADDRESSED TO

THE LIGUORIAN
LIGUORI, MISSOURI

The Liguorian LIGUORI, MO.

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*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy
and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Examination For Mothers

An appropriate preparation for Mothers' Day, for mothers themselves.
All who can pass this examination are worthy of high honor indeed.

D. F. Miller

MOTHERS are honored during the month of May, both by the celebration of a Mothers' Day, and by the universal acceptance of the entire month as belonging to Mary, the patron of mothers. To the truly humble of heart honors received are always an incentive to sincere self-examination. Mothers should be no exception to this rule. For all that they are endowed with strong instincts of self-sacrifice in behalf of their children, and made beautiful by the possession of the greatest natural love that human beings can achieve, there are wide areas in which they can make themselves unworthy of honor, either through ignorance or selfishness or evil. Every good mother should want to know whether she is failing in her trust in any way.

There are six subjects on which mothers of growing children should be willing to examine themselves frequently. They cover the whole range of their responsibilities and duties toward their children. To fail in one of them means to endanger, in some way, the character or happiness of a child. Therefore a series of questions under each heading is here presented to mothers, for the purpose of helping them to recognize and eliminate any faults or failings that may have entered into their

training of their children. The mother who finds that she is not guilty of even one of these common failings may be counted a good mother indeed.

I. Correction

1. Do I correct my child in the heat of anger, using violent and intemperate language obviously inspired by passion and personal feeling?

2. Do I make no distinction in the severity of my corrections, as between small and trivial faults and the more important evils into which my children may fall?

3. Do I use physical punishment with excessive frequency and unusual cruelty against my child, thus making its fear of me far greater than its love?

4. Do I fail, because of inordinate love or soft-heartedness or sloth, to punish my children when this is the only means to teach them an important lesson?

5. Do I show favoritism toward one of my children over the others, especially in the matter of correction and punishment?

6. Do I use fearsome threats and terrifying warnings as a means to correct my children, forgetting that such threats can leave deep scars on the character of a growing child?

7. Do I ever so much as hint, to say nothing of actually expressing to my children, that I am sorry that they were born, not realizing that even though I do not mean it, this can have a fearful psychological effect on a child?

8. Do I use any form of bad language in correcting my children, even possibly cursing them and using the holy names irreverently?

9. Do I ever, in the presence of my child, speak to others of its faults or bad conduct as amusing or humorous?

10. Have I defended my child against people who complained about its actual faults or misconduct?

11. Have I tried to show my children, even in the midst of correcting and punishing them, that I was solely interested in their welfare, and that I was motivated far more by love than by anger?

II. *Schooling*

1. Have I made my children realize, without any chance of doubt or discussion, that the only right schooling for them is to be obtained in a Catholic school?

2. Do I back up the authority of the school by insisting that my children must be obedient, respectful and well-behaved, and warning that they will be punished at home if they need punishment in school?

3. If my child complains about the treatment it receives from teachers, do I take the child's part at once and let it know that I have no use for its teachers, thus encouraging it in rebellion and misbehaviour?

4. If problems arise from my child's conduct at school, do I consult with its teachers to learn their side of the story and to find out whether I am failing to train the child properly at home?

5. If the child has home work to do,

do I insist that it set aside a certain time and get the work done, or do I permit it to do whatever it pleases?

6. Do I take an interest in my children's progress at school, congratulating and rewarding them for good reports, and trying to help them improve when the reports are not good?

7. Do I permit my children to choose their own high school, or do I let them know from the beginning that this comes under parental authority and that there is to be no choice other than a Catholic high school if such is at all available?

8. If there seem to be reasons for sending my children to a public or non-Catholic grade or high school, do I remember that such reasons should be submitted to the judgment of my pastor?

III. *Religious instruction*

1. Do I take it upon myself to instruct my children in the essential truths of religion and morality, beginning with the simpler things almost as soon as they are able to reason?

2. Do I say nothing about religion on the ground that the children will be taught all they need to know about that in church and school?

3. Have I taken my children, when very young, into a church, and explained to them the altar, the tabernacle, the statues, the communion rail, the crib at Christmas, etc.?

4. Have I myself taught my children, even before they started to school, to make the Sign of the Cross, to recite the Our Father and Hail Mary, and to say morning and night prayers and prayers before and after meals each day?

5. Have I explained over and over again the fundamental reason for which a child should obey the ten commandments, viz., that this is God's will, the first way to love Him, and the means of avoiding hell and winning heaven?

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6. Have I been alert to know when my child needed instruction concerning sex, and prompt to supply it or to see that it was supplied by a responsible person?

7. Have I trained my child to respect priests and Sisters, or effected the opposite by frequent criticism and disrespectful language concerning those consecrated to God?

8. Have I begun as early as possible to teach my children the importance of attending Mass every Sunday, of receiving the sacraments often, and of helping to support their church?

9. When the children are studying the catechism, do I ever go over the questions and answers with them?

IV. Recreation

1. Am I deeply conscious of my responsibility to know where, how and with whom my children spend their leisure hours?

2. Do I insist on meeting my children's friends and playmates by inviting them into my home, and on learning something about their background and reputations?

3. Do I permit my child to leave the home for long periods of time without asking where it is going, what are its plans, and without asking for a report of what it was doing after its return?

4. Do I make any effort to provide the means and interests for my child to find its recreation about the home?

5. Do I permit unlimited or excessive attendance at movies, not realizing that the best authorities on what is good for children state that more frequent attendance at movies than once in two weeks is dangerous and harmful to children?

6. Do I take the time and interest to see to it that my children do not

attend any dangerous or unsuitable movies?

7. Do I encourage healthy, outdoor sports for my children, such as swimming, baseball, ice-skating, etc.?

8. Do I try to instill into my children the importance of good sportsmanship, and rebuke them seriously for any display of bullying or selfishness or quarrelsomeness among their companions?

V. Example

1. Do I realize the tremendous importance of my own example as an influence on the characters of my children?

2. Do I use evil language, or tell suggestive or obscene stories within the hearing of my children, even though I would punish them for doing the same?

3. Have the children ever seen me partially or totally under the influence of liquor?

4. Have I ever bragged, in the hearing of the children, about how I cheated someone, or took revenge, or lied or stole?

5. Have I neglected any serious religious obligations to the scandal of my children?

6. Do my children ever hear me taking part in gossip and detraction concerning absent persons?

7. Do I quarrel and argue heatedly with the children's father, either repeatedly or on occasion?

8. Do I show spitefulness, hatred, or sulkiness towards others?

9. Do I complain and grumble about the hardness of my life, and let the children know that I am sorry that I ever married?

10. Do I speak to the children about the faults of their father, and thus lessen their affection and respect for him?

11. Do I practice strict modesty in appearance, dress and actions before the children?

VI. Vocation

1. Am I convinced of the truth that God has a specific vocation in store for each of my children, and that it is my task to prepare them well for it, and not to interfere with it when it becomes clear?

2. Have I permitted myself to become selfishly opposed to the thought of my son or daughter being called to a priestly or religious vocation?

3. Have I actually placed obstacles in the way of a son or daughter who wanted to follow a higher vocation, or refused my consent to it?

4. Have I trained my children, from their early high school days, to the right ideas about company-keeping and marriage?

5. Have I permitted or encouraged puppy-love company-keeping to my children in grade school or high school, when they could have no idea of marrying within a reasonable period of time, and when they could only run into dangers against chastity and neglect the

important years of their education?

6. Have I instilled in my children, from early years, a knowledge of the difficulties and dangers connected with mixed marriages, and tried to make them want to keep company with and marry none but a person of their own faith?

7. Have I objected to boy- or girlfriends of my children solely because I did not happen to like them, even though there could be no valid objections apart from my dislike?

8. Have I tried to prevent any of my children from marrying because I did not want to give up their companionship and help?

9. Have I shown jealousy of the husbands or wives of my sons and daughters, criticized and complained about them to the latter, or made demands on my children that were inconsistent with their duties to their partners?

9. Have I ever given a word of advice to a married son or daughter that could be interpreted as encouragement to commit sin?

For the Violent-Tempered

It is a matter of historical record that George Washington had what usually goes with a strong and vigorous character, namely, an inclination to be hot-tempered and unreasonably angry. To a large extent he conquered this tendency in his later years, but not without considerable trouble, as the following incident proves.

It happened while Washington was still a young Colonel of the local militia in Virginia. While attending a political meeting, the young officer found himself engaged in an argument with a certain Mr. Payne, and his temper rose to such a boil that he suddenly swung at his opponent and knocked him down. Before the fight could continue, the two were separated; but the next day Payne received a request from Washington to meet him at a certain tavern. Anticipating a duel, Payne appeared at the appointed place and time, and found his aggressor seated at a table upon which wine had been placed. Wonderingly he partook of the proffered hospitality, and at last Washington said:

"Mr. Payne, I was at fault yesterday, and I chose this means of making open reparation. To err is human; to rectify error is human too. I admit fully that I was wrong. You have already had some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand. Let us be friends."

Payne, of course, was glad to be reconciled, and later proved his devotedness to the first President, who proved in this incident that his bravery was matched by the rarer virtue of humility.

Chewing Gum Tycoon

A saga of science and success, for those who are inspired by men of distinction.

L. G. Miller

OUR next guest on tonight's *Meet Your Neighbor* program is a man who probably has done more to strengthen the muscles of the human jaw than any other living individual. Step right up to the microphone, sir, and tell our vast radio audience your name.

Willard W. Willoughby.

And what is your business, Mr. Willoughby?

I am executive manager in charge of sales and distribution at Stickley Brothers Chewing Gum Corporation.

Ah yes. We have brought you before the microphone tonight, Mr. Willoughby, on our *Meet Your Neighbor* program, in order to interview you in regard to your chosen work. Each week we select someone for this interview, someone who we feel serves the community in a capacity that is not only helpful but interesting as well. Now then, Mr. Willoughby, how did you happen to get into the chewing gum business?

Well, it's a long story, Mr. Jones. I've been interested in chewing gum as far back as I can remember. When I was a little shaver I held the record on my street of being able to chew the most sticks of gum at one and the same time.

How many could you handle?

If I remember rightly, it was sixteen and a half.

Quite a mouthful, Mr. Willoughby, quite a mouthful indeed.

Yes, I was quite proud of my accomplishment, and maybe that was what solidified my ambition one day to *make*

gum as well as *chew* it. As soon as I finished school I started right out with Stickley brothers as office boy. That was in 1909. I remember well my pay was five dollars a week and all the gum I could chew. It seemed like a great deal in those days.

And you worked your way right up the ladder to the position of sales and production manager?

That's right.

A remarkable story, Mr. Willoughby. The kind of story we like our listeners to hear. It proves that in this land of glorious free enterprise a man can still rise from the ranks and scale the heights of success. Now then, Mr. Willoughby, your firm has, I believe, pioneered some of the latest advances in the chewing gum field. Suppose you tell us about some of them.

Well, I might mention that we were the first to make a scientific survey of the various types of chewers and turn out a product suited for each type.

What did your findings show?

Well, we discovered that there are three basic categories of gum users: the slow chewers, the fast chewers, and a third category to which we apply the generic term: Snappers. All of this is, of course, elemental.

Yes indeed, but interesting, too. Suppose you define a slow chewer.

He is one who cherishes his gum, rolls it around meditatively in his mouth, lets in rest quietly in his cheek, and only occasionally gently and dreamily bites into it with his teeth.

Very clear and lucid. Let me take

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a stab at describing the fast chewer: he is one who goes after the gum as if it were alive, and had to be thoroughly whipped and beaten down lest it get out of control. The fast chewer keeps his jaws moving so fast that the gum bounces around in his mouth like a kernel of popcorn on a hot stove. Am I right?

Substantially, yes, though I myself would have been a little more delicate in my description.

And you have a different type of gum for each of these categories?

Yes. The tensile strength of the wad differs widely in each case.

What about the snappers, now?

They comprise the persons who make noises with their gum. There is a vast field for exploration here, and we freely admit that we have only scratched the surface.

The noise is produced, I suppose, in different ways.

Definitely. Some snap or pop their gum by the very rapidity with which they chew it; others prefer the more formal method of flattening out the wad with the tongue and then drawing it inward in the form of a bubble until the tension point is reached and there is a loud and satisfying pop. Popping the gum thus has long been one of the nation's leading indoor sports, and we pride ourselves on the fact that our snapper type gum can hold its own with any other product made.

Extremely interesting, Mr. Willoughby.

A smaller group, but one with interesting possibilities, is composed of the pullers.

The pullers?

Yes. Those who have the habit of stretching their gum into long ribbons and streamers as they chew it. We hope to explore this field further as time goes on.

What about bubble gum, Mr. Willoughby? Have you ventured into that field?

Yes, we have, and it is our boast that after years of research in our specially equipped laboratories, staffed by expert scientists, we have produced a product which offers a larger bubble than any other bubble gum on the market.

That's quite a claim. Are you sure of your ground?

Absolutely! A panel of experts measured our bubbles against the bubbles of our four leading competitors, and admitted our superiority in signed statements. With men who know bubble gum best, it's Stickley's, every time.

A satisfying accomplishment indeed.

You have no idea! Of course, we still have a few problems to iron out before our bubble gum campaign can reach the apex of success.

Such as?

Well, parents object to it frequently on the score that the bubbles blown by their children explode and get all over the wallpaper.

And have you a solution for that difficulty?

Yes. Our plan is to make the gum in various colors. Parents can then select a shade of bubble gum that will match the wall-paper in their homes, and if some happens to get on the walls, it won't have to be scraped off because it will blend right in with the general motif.

Many people seem to object to the use of bubble gum, Mr. Willoughby, because they say it doesn't look nice. What have you to say to that?

It's just one of those ancient prejudices. We subscribe firmly to the new child psychology which insists upon leaving the child uninhibited. Parents must be reeducated. We have a committee working on it now, the Stickley

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Reeducation Project for Backward Parents.

So, all in all, you think there is a great future in chewing gum, Mr. Willoughby?

Undoubtedly there is. We at Stickley's feel that in a modest way we have something definite to contribute to world betterment. Our philosophy is summed up very well in the following little poem:

"Stickley's polishes your teeth

Aids digestion, too.

Tones you up and makes you brisk:

Good old Stickley's chew."

Thank you, Mr. Willoughby. I'm sure our audience has enjoyed every moment of this interview. And now I see our time is up, so—

Pardon me, Mr. Jones.

Yes, Mr. Willoughby.

I left my gum pasted under the table here while I was talking, and I almost left without picking it up. Silly of me, eh?

Yes indeed, Mr. Willoughby. Good-night, all.

Readers Retort

Chicago, Ill.

Re: your March issue "Should the Taft-Hartley Law be repealed?" I am a Catholic and have been a reader of *The Liguorian* for many years but your arguments pro and con in this article are just playing politics to the ordinary laboring man who does not think for himself but lets others think for him. There are statements in your article that just don't make sense. If it were not for this law the C. I. O. at West Allis, Wisconsin, would still be in control of Allis-Chalmers and the red leader Christoffel would not have been found guilty and sentenced to jail. Also the Most Rev. B. J. Sheil of Chicago appearing before the red-controlled C. I. O. union in New York City does not make sense when the Church is fighting communism, and he appears before such a controlled union and encourages it by condemning the law. There are many other points in your objections that don't hold water but all this is beside the point. When my subscription expires it will not be renewed.

J. B.

The editors of The Liguorian are sorry to lose a reader whose objections to articles published in it would always be valued and carefully analyzed. In this instance analysis proves that our correspondent is misinformed on two points and confused

on a third. He is misinformed in thinking that the C. I. O. is entirely in the hands of Communists; in fact, the national board of the C. I. O. is strongly anti-Communist, and is headed by President Philip Murray, a sincere Christian and good American citizen. He is misinformed in stating that the Taft-Hartley Law was responsible for riding Allis-Chalmers of Communists and sending Christoffel to jail. He is confused when he states, on the one hand that the Church is against Communists, and on the other accuses a bishop of the Church of being a Communist because he addresses a C. I. O. meeting. Whatever pro-labor views may be found in The Liguorian are inspired by recognition of the truth, now commonly being advanced by men in higher places than are the editors of The Liguorian, that Communism cannot be finally defeated unless social justice comes to rule in the democratic economic world. It is dedicated to working toward that end in all its endeavors, and asks only that its honesty be unimpugned. If it makes mistakes in matters of fact, or expresses poorly supported opinions, it is happy to have these things pointed out by readers, with evidence advanced against them. It will never hesitate to publish corrections of mistakes.

The Editors



Three Minute Instruction

The Rights of Pastors

It is sometimes difficult for Catholics to understand why there are certain spiritual ministrations that may be bestowed on them only by their legitimate pastors. Some think that any priest should be permitted to assist at their marriage, or to baptize their children. A little serious thought will make clear to them why these and similar privileges are reserved to the pastor of the parish to which they belong.

1. Parish lines are drawn in order that a specific priest (with the help of his assistants, if any are needed) will have the full responsibility for the souls in the area outlined. The priest in charge of a parish, called the pastor, must try to know his people, and is obligated to render all the services required for their salvation. It is to him that the Church gives the right (and also the duty) to bestow certain of the greater spiritual privileges of their religion on the members of his flock. This is because it is through such ministrations that he is able to know those for whom he bears responsibility, and because there would be no order and no effective apportioning of duties and privileges in the Church unless these were detailed to certain persons.

2. The special spiritual ministrations that the people of a given parish must ask of their pastor are the following: a) the solemn baptism of their children; b) the reception of Viaticum and of Extreme Unction, apart, of course, from a case of urgent necessity when another priest is close at hand; c) to assist at their marriages, which right is assigned to the pastor of the bride; to publish the banns of marriage and to impart the nuptial blessing; d) to officiate at their funerals. These functions may not be administered by priests outside a person's parish without the pastor's specific permission. For such ministrations the Church directs that the people of a parish give an offering to their pastor, in conformity with the custom of the place or the decrees of the diocese; however, it commands the pastor to take good spiritual care of those who cannot give him anything and forbids him to ask them for an offering.

Because these rules are so necessary for order and the effective administration of the sacraments, Catholics should ask permission to have an outside priest perform the pastoral functions for them only for serious reasons. One such reason may be that they have a close relative in the priesthood, whom they may ask the pastor to delegate to officiate for them. Generally speaking, however, one may say that all Catholics should go to their pastor for the services reserved to him.

The Mystery of Modern Morality

Recently the public was privileged to listen to a nationwide broadcast on the ever popular subject: the sins and virtues of our present generation. Possibly you heard the program. If you did, do you agree with the writer of this article?

D. J. Corrigan

IN a Town Meeting of the Air Program on February 17th, four prominent Americans, including a Unitarian minister, a Methodist bishop, a feminine official of the Eastern Association of Women's Colleges, and a professor from Chicago University, accomplished the impossible! For a full hour they discussed for the benefit of the American public the subject of *morality*, and not once did they mention or refer to the name of God!

The question at issue was this: Are our moral standards and moral practices as low as recently described by Philip Wylie?

Doctor Elliot, the Unitarian minister, thought that the times were pretty much degraded, and in true Protestant fashion and fervor set out to punish sin, especially that of the politicians. On the other hand, Bishop Oxnam, the Methodist prelate, took a more optimistic view of the situation: somewhere in his extensive travels he had found a few top military men who admitted the immorality of the destruction of war and he felt that we are just beginning to discover what morality is; at least, said the good bishop, our public schools, which are not godless, are the moral hope of our generation, because they teach tolerance and forbearance, something sectarian schools do not do with their teaching of religion and morality. Miss Warren, the lone representative of the gentler and more devout sex, evidently got mixed up as to her delegated part in the debate and landed

in the figurative laps of Bishop Oxnam and the agnostic, Doctor Smith; anyway, she contended that of old, people had authoritarian moral standards which they did not practice, but that now our young people, especially, do practice morality; she neglected to mention, however, whether they have any moral standards to live up to. The real demon of the meeting, however, was a certain Doctor Smith of Chicago University. He was clever, entertaining, scathing and sometimes blasphemous; he agreed with Bishop Oxnam without committing himself as to whether morality was important or not, probably at the same time laughing up his sleeve to have such an opportunity to make sport of the "superstitions" of organized religion: all in all, he was a typical example of unbelieving professors who, by cunning innuendo, ridicule, half truths and whole lies, do a fairly successful job of destroying religious convictions in the minds of American youth.

As usual in such heterogeneous gatherings, no attempt was made to define terms before debate got under way. In other words, these experts in religion and education began to talk about the standards of morality and moral practices without deciding what they meant by the terms. As a result, the entire meeting turned out to be what might be charitably described as an intellectual mess!

It reminded me forcefully of an incident that took place on a train many

years ago, when a Jewish high school lad approached me and desired to talk. He told me that he had just written a 5000 word theme on the subject of religion and being full of his subject wanted to tell me all about it. He even produced for my inspection his carefully typewritten manuscript, all ready to be presented to his teacher. After laboriously going over his immature vacuities with him, I finally said: "Here you have written 5000 words about religion, but not once do you tell just what religion is." He looked at me in a startled way and replied: "Gee, I never thought of that. By the way, just what is religion?"

In the Town Meeting of the Air, Dr. Elliot, Bishop Oxnam, Miss Warren and Dr. Smith actually used up thousands of eloquent words on standards of morality and moral practices, but, like the high school lad, not once did they define *just what morality is*. Yet they did very clearly boast that today people are being trained, not to accept what they are told to think, but to do the thinking themselves. One cannot help wondering: "Think about *what*?" Or is it one of the effects of the genius of the American system of education to be able to talk for an hour without saying anything substantial about the subject? Rather I would say that there is confused thinking in America because so often it is a case of "the blind leading the blind", in which, as in the case of this broadcast, the teachers do not know what they are talking about.

It is rather significant of the low estate of Protestant confused thinking that a Methodist bishop and a Unitarian clergyman could sit and listen to Miss Warren's and Dr. Smith's contemptuous onslaught on authoritarian religion and morality *without one syllable of rebuttal on this point*. In other words,

they complacently accepted the principle that God and revealed religion and revealed morality are to be ignored in the entire question of right and wrong for mankind. It is not surprising that Miss Warren and Dr. Smith should speak as they did, because they were but carrying out their part in a modern world which attempts to settle life's problems without a Deity. It is startling, however, to hear two ministers of religion agree wholeheartedly with such unchristian views.

Possibly, though, in our criticism we are not taking into consideration the *flexibility* of Protestantism. Starting with private interpretation of the Bible, the Protestant norm of belief has been subjective all the way through, resulting in varied contradictory tenets and sects. Consistently then it may be proper for Protestantism to adhere to a purely subjective norm of morality, according to each one's ideas and training. In that case Protestant moral standards could profess to fit in with a purely pagan system of lay morality. The only trouble is that Protestantism also professes to believe in a God, and once a person accepts the truth of God's existence, he can not in any logic admit a universal moral law of purely human origin. But such contradictions are not new experience for Protestant leaders.

Today, however, it is fashionable for Protestants to glorify this subjective norm of faith and morality as true *democracy* in religion. They proclaim this freedom of theirs to form their own standard of belief and practice as the revolution that has been responsible for all political and economic liberty. They forget, however, that political and economic liberty is based, not on subjective principles, but very much on *objective* laws that God has placed in human nature from the beginning and to

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which all men are bound in conscience to conform. Once again Protestantism, as always, ends in a contradiction, for if anything would stop all true liberty in the world, it surely would be one's private right to create one's beliefs and one's own system of morality. Such *liberty* would be nothing but *license* to do what one wished, regardless of God's objective standard of what is right or wrong and of any "democratic" rights that one's neighbor might have.

But let us get back to the broadcast: On the whole the meeting produced just one definite impression: that the nationally known debaters, including the clergyman, had a horror of anything like a dictated norm of morality (even should that norm be dictated by God). In other words they subscribed completely to a man-made morality, subject to change with the changing ideas of men. Thus Miss Warren remarked: "Our young people of today are too well educated to believe that divorce and planned parenthood are wrong." Dr. Smith was of the opinion that we must avoid any acceptance of authoritarian religion and morality (e. g., the Ten Commandments) lest we be misled by superstitious practices of the past, which confused certain *dietary* regulations with the real moral law. (This was obviously a misleading and ignorant reference to Catholic Friday abstinence). If one was looking for something positive and constructive from the broadcast, as undoubtedly millions of listeners were, he was sadly disappointed. Far from explaining even elementarily what the moral law is, except for a few vague references to tolerance and fellowship, the so called "experts", — educators and preachers — gave about the most pitiful example of teaching the writer has ever heard.

That the immediate audience, com-

posed mostly of Holyoke girls, were of this opinion, may be evident from a question that arose from the floor. A bright young man with a Bostonese accent stood up and asked: "Is not our relative morality as the product of naturalistic philosophy at the basis of much of the moral confusion today?" The question took the chairman by surprise and he had to ask the young man to repeat it in simpler words. In effect, the young man was simply asking: "Isn't it a fact that since you ignore God and His unchanging moral laws, you, left to your own fallible human intellects, are so confused about the moral law tonight?" Dr. Elliot essayed to answer and forthwith made a beautiful botch of the only opportunity to approach the truth in the entire broadcast.

Not long ago a young lady approached the writer and asked: "Do Catholic priests ever talk to Protestants?" The girl was desperate and badly in need of help. Her main difficulty at the moment was that she had violated the Sixth Commandment and was now paying the penalty. After trying to advise and encourage her, I asked:

"Where did you get your education?"

"In the public schools and a State University."

"When you did these things, did you think they were wrong?"

"My conscience told me so, but under the circumstances I didn't think they were so very wrong." (She was already divorced, as was her mother before her.)

"Did anyone ever explain to you just what is right and wrong?"

"No," she replied, "I once memorized the Ten Commandments, but no one ever told me definitely just what was right and wrong. I've been confused many times."

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This no doubt is a typical example of the lack of religious and moral training afforded by our public schools.

To a Catholic there is no confusion as to moral standards. We are convinced of the existence of God, not only as our Creator and Destiny, but also as the only Being having the right and power to impose a universal, unchanging moral law on the human race. This moral law has been revealed to us by God Himself through the medium of the Ten Commandments, and these Commandments agree perfectly with the natural law as interpreted for us by reason and conscience. We might add that this is the only explanation of morality that satisfies right reason and common sense.

To a non-Catholic who ignores or denies God, there can be no satisfactory explanation of what constitutes moral standards. Deny God and you deny the only Being who can impose moral laws on all human beings for all time. Deny God as the universal Law-giver and you have to turn to human agencies as the source of moral standards: either civil law or custom. Thus we have the name *lay* or *man-made* morality, the norms of which are set by fallible human creatures who can change them at will. It is such a system of morality that was adopted by both the Nazi and Soviet dictatorships, that is subscribed to, if not taught, in most non-Catholic schools,

and that was evident in all its confusion on February 17th in this particular Town Meeting of the Air. It is contrary to reason in its make-up and disastrous in its results.

To a Protestant, the whole question of moral standards must be very perplexing. On the one hand, very many Protestant ministers adhere to and vaguely preach nothing but the lay morality code, which is essentially pagan. This can be the only explanation of their advocacy of divorce, birth control and occasionally some forms of sexual promiscuity, in the face of open condemnation of these evils by the Bible. On the other hand, there are the rock-ribbed fundamentalist Protestant preachers, who are apt to cling to the wording rather than the spirit of the law and thus include in the category of sin things that are not in themselves wrong. Aside from that, most Protestants, in as much as they are products of public schools, get very little instruction in the moral law, and in consequence, along with their ministers, fall easy prey to the godless hypocrisy and superficiality of our modern world.

Postscript: We made an error in the introduction to this article, when we stated that these four experts did not mention the name of God. Bishop Oxnham did use His name *once*, when he somewhat apologetically said: "I am not much given to pious platitudes, but I did say to this man: 'God bless you'."



Poor Progeny

Seldom has the terrible responsibility incurred by a Catholic who enters a mixed marriage been so clearly brought to light as in the case of a man named Richard Bender, who lived in the last century. At the age of 24, Mr. Bender married a non-Catholic. He lived to be 103, and in his lifetime had 203 descendants. Among them, at the time of Bender's death, there was not a single Catholic.



Character Test (60)

L. M. Merrill

On Vulgarities

The meaning of the word "vulgarity" has covered a wide range. Its Latin root had a rather innocuous acceptance, being best translated as "common," "ordinary," or even "popular." Something of that usage is retained when we speak in English of the "vulgar" tongue, meaning ordinary, everyday language.

However, there is a very specific usage of the word "vulgar" by which it represents a blot on the character of a human being. In this sense vulgarity represents the habit of saying or doing things that refined and good people consider contrary to basic norms of good taste. Vulgarity is not obscenity, which means lewdness in speech or action or preoccupation with sex as such. Vulgarity is not something necessarily evil in itself. To pin it down in terms of virtue and vice, one would perhaps best say that it fails against charity, because it gives pain to the normal sensibilities of others.

Because its reprehensible element arises from the effect of one's actions on others, it is clear that there is a certain amount of relativity in the application of the word, and a possible change in standards of vulgarity from age to age. At one time it was considered vulgar for men to smoke in public places, or for women to smoke at all. In some parts of the world (and even America) it still is, and therefore the best norm that can be given in a matter of this kind is that one should not flout the traditional sensibilities and conventions of the people among whom one happens to be. Coughing, sneezing, blowing the nose, spitting and the like, when done in the company of others without any apparent effort to restrain oneself or to cover the face, are common signs of vulgarity in all but the most backwoods areas and do give pain to others. Deliberately to break the elementary rules of etiquette and convention while at table is another way in which vulgar people display themselves as unpleasant companions. Perhaps the most common and universally recognized form of vulgarity is that of persons who are addicted to the "outhouse" variety of speech and suggestion and anecdote.

Some modern authors, who seem to think that there can be no true art in literature without copious sprinklings of vulgarity as well as obscenity, have done much to make people think that there is something "smart" about vulgarity. But there is nothing "smart" about being offensive to others, or in acting like a barbarian among civilized people.

Story For Children

This is how stories should be told to children, with the simple language and the tremendous truths all wrapped up together. On second thought, that's what adults like too.

W. Karrer

IN olden days kings were powerful men. A king was feared and loved. Whether he was more feared than loved, or loved than feared, this was dependent on the king. Some have said too, for so I have read in books, that kings were so powerful as even to have had much influence in coining the money of the realm.

But kings are men and not God. They cannot do everything themselves. And so it was fashion in those days for kings to have a chancellor to help the king in diverse ways to rule. And whether the king was the real ruler or a puppet of his chancellor rested with both the character of the king and the character of the chancellor. At any rate the king was powerful, either in himself or in his chancellor; and the chancellor was well nigh the second most powerful man in the land, if not the first.

Now such was a picture of England when the 16th century was completing the first third of its course. There was a king, and his name was Henry, the same as seven that had reigned before him, including his very own father. This eighth Henry was a goodly man to start with, good too at tennis, though chubby in later years, and a fair theologian as kings go.

And as you'd expect, the king had a chancellor, newly appointed and a layman; and the chancellor's name was Thomas, whether taken from the Apostle or from an earlier English prelate, who too had served, and not served, under an earlier English Henry, I know not.

I know this albeit, that the elder Thomases had bled exceedingly for God's cause on earth, and that Thomas the Lord Chancellor was a God-fearing man, with few to equal his love in all the realm.

As chancellor, Sir Thomas was close to being the most honored man in the kingdom, after the king of course. And he was, as I have said, a goodly man, a thorough Englishman, right and true. He was liked by most all who knew him, for he abounded in genuine fun, was very charitable and most holy. The king himself was fond of Thomas, his Lord Chancellor.

Now the affairs of the crown were proceeding along their course with a fair nicety, (though England was not heaven, and no man in his senses made claim that it was,) when with a very disturbing effect the king's own head conceived a foolish thought. His mind was befuddled with the fancy of divorcing his good wife, Queen Catherine, who had come all the long way from Spain to be his spouse. In very truth, the world seems to overrun with such befuddle-minded people today. And perhaps the confusion that beset Henry the king has helped to cause the confusion that besets moderns, not a little.

But the king knew the law which had force in Christendom—for it was God's law—and in those days even kings paid respect to it. So he sent to the Pope, whose name was Clement, and he said:

"Pope Clement, I should like you to arrange a separation of the more per-

manent and dividing kind between me and my wife, Catherine."

But the Pope, most prudent and wise man that he was, made answer to King Henry. "Whoa, now, Henry. This matter will take considerable thinking over and looking into."

So the Pope thought, and he pondered, and dug deeply into his marriage records, as any good pastor would do. And he summoned his choicest Cardinals to give him learned counsel. And when this mighty case had been weighed and decided, he said to the King of England:

"After much thinking over the matter you have asked me about, and after much consulting with my best Cardinal advisors in the affair, I have decided, *No*. Your marriage to Catherine is lawful, therefore till death. You cannot have another."

For you must know that in those olden and wiser times, it was Rome which spoke and London which listened, because such was the way God willed it, and both Rome and London knew it was so and were agreed it should be so.

But Henry proved untrue to the example of the great Christian kings who had preceded him. He remembered not the piety of Edward and the humility of Canute. And instead he showed himself a most wilful and obstinate man. And in the confusion which he allowed to encircle his spirit, he deafened his ears and refused to hear. He was for turning against the Pope, his own spiritual father, the Vicar of God's Son on earth.

And the Pope gave mild and humble answer. "Henry, have you forgotten the everlasting speech of the Lord Jesus, 'What God hath joined together, let no man cleave in two'? Now I, Pope Clement, Pope that I am, am yet a miserable and sinful man. And I will

not be cloaking myself with my sacred trust to go about breaking up true and lawful wedlock. Go back to Catherine—for I have heard the whisperings that tell me of Anne Boleyn, for shame—and patch up your troubles, and live again in your right mind."

But the king grew more wilful still. And he said, "All right, Pope of Rome. If you can't take care of me, I'll find a Pope that can. In fact," spoke Henry, "I am through forever with Popes. I'll become my own Pope." And going the way of heretics, he did just that.

And so he sent the report round all Canterbury and York that henceforth he, Henry, was Pope in England, and not Clement in Rome. And many weaker men accepted him, but many stronger men did not.

Now on the side of the strong, as you might expect, was found Thomas, the Lord Chancellor, whose full name was Thomas More. For in his heart the goodly, cheerful, ascetic chancellor knew well there is but one true Pope. And he knew moreover that Henry Tudor was not that one.

The Lord on His mission to earth had said: "Thou art Peter, and upon *this* Rock I will build my church." No one from Peter to Henry had thought of Henry as Peter, and Thomas More the Chancellor saw no worthy reason why he should begin thinking so now at this very late date, 1532. So he resigned, thinking it a prudent thing to do under the circumstances.

When Henry learned the state of mind of Thomas, his mind more befuddled than ever, though it saddened him to do it, he sent him off to prison. Thomas More was not the make of man seriously to mind. Great was his love for God and Truth, and both were on his side. And both at last would triumph, and he with them. And so

off Thomas went to the Tower. And it was the spring-time of the year

And there he sat and stood. And there he ate and there he slept. And the spring gave way to summer and autumn. And at last winter came, only to be followed again by spring. And all this while Thomas was growing thinner, and grayer, and poorer. And I wonder too if the visitors were numerous who came to visit him, now that the true Pope had been ordered from England. For how would the corporal works of mercy be preached best if the vicar of Him was gone Who taught them best?

But at intervals his dearest daughter came to visit him, Margaret. But Margaret was not always as wise as she might have been. For to her it seemed at times foolish that her father, who might so easily free himself from prison, and so easily be in good standing with the king, like so many others in the realm, should prefer to keep himself locked up instead.

On such occasion Thomas More might well have said that it was not he who was foolish, but that the king had taken to foolishness. But I don't know that he did say such things. Likely not, out of respect for the king, and of Margaret, who might have found it hard to understand, for all her daughterly affection.

But as the months passed, and it

grew more and more clear that Thomas More would not be changing his mind as to who was Pope of England, though on lesser things he perhaps changed his mind, as whether to be executed with or without his beard, a treason trial was set for Thomas. It was the trial of an innocent man; and the judges found him guilty. And at first they sentenced him to be hung. But afterwards it was to beheading, out of the kindness of the king, it was told him. To which Sir Thomas made answer: "God keep my friends from the king's kindness."

And before his judges he was given leave to speak. And full of saintly charity, he likened them to St. Paul in his dealing with the youthful Stephan, and desired that they and he too might someday be together in the unending happiness of heaven. For he knew as few have known, that it is only men who lose their heads for God in this life that shall find them in the next, seeing God face to face.

In such wholesome spirits he died. He had sovereign love for God, for to all else he preferred God. He cared not to lose his health nor his wealth; he gave up position, family, wife. Finally he gave over his life. And in the end he made a simple protest: "I die loyal to God and the king, but to God first of all."



Gay Visitor

During the terrible days of 1527-29 in Mexico, when the persecution against the church was at its height, the prisons were filled with Catholics. One of the prisoners in a certain place had a son aged six. This boy used to be allowed to visit him; and being a lively and attractive lad, won the love of even the jailers.

One day he came in as usual, passed his daily banter with the guards, danced and laughed among the prisoners, and as he passed among them put his hand inside his blouse — and gave each one Communion. Then with the same gay prancings, he left, as usual; but What he had left behind was more precious to the prisoners than life.

Wilfrid Parsons.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (16)

E. A. Mangan

Cain's Wife

Problem: Who was Cain's wife?

Solution: This question is often asked with a vague and foggy idea that the Bible was written by men who frequently contradicted themselves, sometimes without even realizing they were doing so. The fault of people who think in this way of the Bible is that they are not familiar enough with God's book to realize that ignorance is the primary cause of their difficulties and suspicions. The truth is, of course, that the Bible never contradicts itself; it cannot if it is the inspired word of God, and furthermore, no contradiction has ever been proven in it, even by the enemies of God.

The difficulty in the particular case of Cain and his wife arises from the following data, all contained in the book of Genesis, the first book of the Bible: In chapter IV of Genesis, Moses tells us that Adam and Eve had two sons called Cain and Abel. Then, after speaking of Abel's murder by Cain, the sacred author tells us of the birth of Seth. The question people ask is "Where did Cain get a wife?"

To one who reads the story just cursorily it would seem that the three births (Cain, Abel, Seth) followed one another in succession; yet in the very text of Genesis (Chap. V, v. 3) we are told that Adam had already lived 130 years when Seth was born.

It is possible, even probable, that there were children born to Adam between Cain and Abel. It is not certain that Cain was Adam's first born. Moses may have mentioned him and Abel especially because of the fratricide which was to make Cain a lesson to all succeeding generations.

Finally, in Genesis, chap. V, v. 4, Moses says: "The days of Adam, after he begot Seth, were eight hundred years; and he begot sons and daughters."

The most simple answer to the question posed above is therefore that Cain in all probability married one of his sisters. In those earliest times it would have been clear to the men who had the same kind of reasoning power that we possess, that it was perfectly lawful for them to marry a sister or a very close relative. It is not necessary for us to postulate that God gave them a special revelation on this question, though it is not improbable that God did reveal His permission and His pleasure. But from the fact that God had given the command to propagate, men could have reasoned to the lawfulness of marriage between close blood relatives in the days when no other marriages were possible.

If Cain delayed his marriage until he was a hundred years old or older, as did most the men of his time, then he probably married a niece or even possibly a grandniece. Even in the time of Moses, thousands of years after the time of Cain, it was still lawful for a man to marry his niece.

On Beating One's Wife

No husband would care to answer with a yes or no the question: Have you stopped beating your wife? This bit of whimsy asks: Should it ever be begun?

E. F. Miller

THE POINT at issue amongst many right thinking people is whether or not it is good and proper to beat one's wife. Before deciding the question in favor or against, it is necessary to make a distinction. Beatings in themselves cannot be frowned upon for the simple reason that all tradition has approved of them in such telling proverbs as "spare the rod and spoil the child;" and, "a stitch in time saves nine;" and so forth. We speak of that peculiar kind of beating which is reserved not just for any woman, but for a wife. The reason that there can be a problem at all in the matter is because of the special relationship that exists between husbands and wives. They are to work as one person, due to the divine statement spoken to the first married couple: "You are now two in one flesh." If a man's leg goes out of joint, he brings it back to its proper position by striking it vigorously until the rightful union has been resumed. Or if he is short of breath on account of some congestion in the lungs, his back is pounded smartly until the organ is again functioning as nature intended. Surely a wife is closer to a husband than a lung and a leg. Therefore beating one's *wife* takes on a special character that is not to be found in any other relationship.

For a further clearing of the proposition, we speak only of those wives who need a beating. Women in general are of higher ideals than men, and therefore deserve cherishing and love rather than blows and stripes. But in every stratum of society there are some wives

who look upon a husband merely as a financial crutch on which to lean when bills would lay them low, or a buffer against the accusation of having been unable by such charms as they possessed to land a man. They refuse to make meals, they play bridge at all hours midst clouds of smoke from rouge-tipped cigarettes, they run home to mother, they have no interest in bearing children out of fear that it may harm their figure or impair their health. In short, not only are they not wives, but they are hardly women. They are a third sex, bred by selfishness, and possessing a set of values that is proper to the nature of neither man nor woman. What is to be done with such creatures? Is a sound beating the answer?

History gives some indication as to the thoughts of former peoples on this interesting speculation. The Code of Hammurabi, written some two thousand years before the coming of Christ, decreed for the Babylonians that if a woman quarreled with her husband and said, "Thou shalt not have me," she had to present her reasons. If these reasons were no good, and if added to her faulty reasons was a long program of neglect of her home and her children, she was simply taken out and drowned. Just like that—she was taken out and drowned. If a husband were permitted to drown his wife if she refused to make the beds and do the dishes, it hardly seems that he was forbidden to give her a switching for lesser faults, such as allowing the roast to burn or the coffee to grow cold. The same argument

might be used in proving the custom of the Athenians of treating their wives a bit shabbily on almost all occasions. Women were not trusted in those days, and therefore they had to stay out of sight. Special apartments were arranged for wives, and not even the permission of a man like Solon could permit them to venture outside the inclosure. They had no political standing and were looked upon as minors or children, under the complete jurisdiction and domination of their husband. Laws commanded that they must wrap themselves up so as not to be a source of temptation or trouble to any who by accident might see them. In fact, they could have no association with a citizen except by marriage. It seems that a good beating would have been a happy adventure in the midst of so drab and confined an existence; and no doubt such a beating was often and generously administered by the lord and master of the house who was the husband.

Veering sharply from the practice of the ancients, many moderns deprecate wife-beating in the strongest terms. The suffragettes, by which we mean those hardy females who wear neckties and low-heeled shoes, who proclaim liquor an invention of the devil, and who work unceasingly to make women the very same as men, are to a man opposed to it. They would not hesitate to advocate husband-beating at the hands of wives (and well they can promote so fearsome a privilege, for generally they are of such sinew and muscle that most men would cower before their upraised arm), but never the opposite. Wife-beating to them in their humanitarianism is cruelty to humans, and must not be tolerated. Akin to them are the sentimentalists, by which we mean those who, were they to sit on a jury, would absolve confessed murderers from punish-

ment because the crime was a mercy-killing or because the man who was shot had been discovered philandering with the murderer's wife, and therefore deserved death at the hands of the offended husband. By the same token they would flood newspaper offices with letters of protest were they to come upon an item of wife-beating in their daily paper. They would feel every pain with the wife as the blows fell upon the defenseless shoulders, and they would cry out in righteous anger against such brutality and cruelty.

That wife-beating is going on at least in isolated sections of the country cannot be denied. Wives have been known to appear even in church with blackened eyes; and no explanation to the effect that they ran into the edge of an open door in the darkness of the night allayed the suspicions of honest on-lookers who knew the circumstances of the home in which the eyes received their bluish hue. The divorce courts are another proof of the prevalence of the practice, especially amongst those who have not learned the potency of spirits, too freely imbibed. Wives have stood before judges on canes and sticks, bandaged and in splints, all due to the heavy hand of an angry husband. We have even known of wives who were hit so hard that they died. This in no way can be approved of. The trouble generally lies, it would seem, in overdrinking. And that immediately takes all validity out of the argument pro or con on whether wife-beating is just and proper. No man acts rationally when his reason has been impaired by fumes that raise a fog before his mind.

But the point is not whether wives *have been* beaten in the past or *are being* beaten in the present, but whether they *should be* beaten at any time. Those who are in favor of such chastise-

ment rely primarily on the doctrine of St. Paul which prescribes: "Wives, be subject to your husbands." From these words they argue to the complete subjection of wives to husbands, indeed, to the point where almost any means are proper for teaching wives how to run homes, how to raise children, how to care for the garden. They would have us believe that the Apostle of the Gentiles is the one who fashioned the stick whereby this subjection is to be enforced. Without a doubt they are doing a job of misrepresentation. St. Paul meant that wives are to obey their husbands only in such matters as do not entail sin, and only in such things as touch essentials and about which there is disagreement. Just as a Supreme Court is needed in the affairs of government, so is a Supreme Court needed in the affairs of the family. The husband is this court in the latter institution. In all other problems and concerns husbands and wives are equal. In fact, if the wife is the right kind of a wife, she will be the one who rules the roost, for it is the very nature of a woman that she is looked *up* to or looked *down* on; seldom is she looked *over* to as an equal, or as one man looks to another man. Hardly can one say that St. Paul was bothered about whippings in his celebrated dissertation on the relationship between husbands and wives.

We ourselves are strongly opposed to wife-beating. It is the sign of the bully and the coward, for in most cases wives are weaker than husbands and are not equipped to defend themselves adequately against just or unjust aggression. Furthermore, wives are so delicately and intricately constructed that even a glancing blow may have a dangerous and lasting effect. It has often been said that women can endure more than men. They can. But this refers

to the internal order rather than to the external. Waves of grief can flow over them, and still they stand courageous and firm; self-sacrifice can deprive them of even a moment of personal comfort and satisfaction, and still they are ready to accept more. But let a mouse run over their foot and they will cry out to the heavens for help; let a blow fall upon their head and they will shrink into a corner for protection. Their system cannot stand physical violence. They collapse beneath it. That is why we believe that nature has forbidden, in a general sort of way, any manual punishment to be inflicted by husbands on wayward or disobedient wives.

But let us suppose that the time has come in the married life of a young couple when a beating is the only means of holding the marriage together. Let us say that the husband is a gentleman whom pain in others hurts as though heaped upon himself. He is near perfection in every regard, for only one who is in a condition of perfection can presume to drive perfection into others. His wife is incorrigibly recalcitrant. He has consulted his minister, a psychiatrist and the girl behind the ribbon counter where he works as to what program he should follow. All have agreed that in this one case a beating is truly called for. How should he go about it? First of all, he should not do it in a moment of anger. Neither should the motive behind the exercise of marital authority be punitive, that is, the inflicting of a *punishment* for a duty poorly done. If the idea of correction in which there is solid hope for improvement is absent, the husband might just as well make motions at the air as at the person of his spouse. His flailing arms will be effort gone with the wind. And he may even lose his wife completely in the bargain.

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As to the exact method to be used in the administering of the corrective measures, a husband cannot be too careful in his selection. Never should he resort to fists as though he were engaging in a boxing contest. The purpose of the project is not to knock out his wife, as the technical expression would have it in prize-fight circles, but rather to impress lessons, already imparted by word of mouth, on the mind's consciousness through the medium of physical reminders. An aching back can be a strong adviser as to obligations as yet unfulfilled. It would not be wise to use a club or heavy stick either, for such blunt instruments can inflict untold damage on muscles and nerve centers, and might even cause paralysis or a permanent limp. The best tool for this wretched business seems to be none other than the hand, flat and relaxed, so that no more than a gentle sting will be felt, which in turn will leave no marks or welts to be wondered at by the curious and long-nosed.

Let the spot be carefully chosen which is to be so disciplined. Never under any circumstances should the face or head be struck. A woman's head, insofar as it is crowned with hair, is her glory; and her face is her most precious physical possession. A husband would never be forgiven who presumed to take a chance on spoiling the symmetry of features, the beauty of complexion, the rosy tint of cheek that marked his wife's face as the gift that God gave her to be attractive to the eyes of man. A woman without a face is like a soldier without arms. Therefore it should be left alone no matter what the provocation to defrock it.

It would appear that no part is better fitted to receive a necessary blow or two from a flat hand than that which is uppermost when one takes a person over the knee. The place is capable of smarting, but its tissue is so firm that there is no danger of permanent hurt coming upon it. We saw a moving picture one time in which the young bridegroom did this to the young bride. The impression was given that much good was effected by the experiment. Perhaps it works only with recently married couples. We are sure that it would not work with wives who have grown large and matronly and who pursue dignity with great intensity. The knees would collapse beneath the weight; and even though they did not, no good would result, for the exploded vanity would seek inflation in the nearest divorce court. At any rate, great prudence would have to be exercised at all times even in cases that touch the young. The expedient should be used only after long thought and serious consultation.

This much can be said, that wife-beating is a method as yet untried from the scientific angle for the correction of wandering wives and for the prevention of divorce. At least we have seen no text books written on the subject. While we, we repeat, are opposed to the practice on principle, our minds are not closed to the conclusion that might be drawn from a thorough investigation of the whole situation. Only when a thousand cases in which wives have been beaten, and a thousand cases in which wives have not been beaten, have been examined and compared shall we know whether or not the cure is worse than the disease.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

—Daniel O'Connell

Before God can deliver us we must undeceive ourselves.

—St. Augustine



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On False Values

If there is one phrase that expresses, better than any other, the principle on which the world of today is acting, it is this: "It is better to sin than to suffer." This is the explanation of innumerable evils that have crept into the lives of millions of people. It is better, says the world, to hate and seek revenge than to permit one's pride to suffer repeated injuries from another. It is better, says the world, to offend God hundreds of times by contraception in marriage than to accept the inconveniences of a large family or the self-denial of limiting one's use of the pleasures of marriage. It is better to divorce and remarry than to bear the monotony of fidelity to one spouse. It is better to cheat one's fellow man in business (legally, of course) than to remain poor or even only moderately well-to-do. It is safe to number in the millions those Americans who, faced with a choice between sin and suffering, have not the courage to choose the latter.

This gives the Christian shut-in a task of supreme importance in the modern world. It is his task to teach the world that suffering is a thousand times preferable to sin. For this task he has a wonderful model, even apart from the perfect model that is the suffering Christ. It is the Mother of Christ, whose life manifested, not only the truth that it is better to suffer than to sin, but also the truth that it is better to suffer than to let the sins of others go unatoned. She herself committed no sin; she was even preserved miraculously from temptation. Yet she chose to suffer because of the many sins of others; she freely united all the pain she could endure to the bitter and atoning pain of her Son. She did not ask for the freedom from suffering that sinlessness may seek, because there were sinners in whose place she could choose the suffering that they deserved. From the rude stable to the foot of the cross she teaches that it is infinitely better to suffer than to sin or to permit sin to go unatoned before God.

It is the task of the helpless shut-in to continue that teaching before the world. While others seek to dodge every cross, while they invent and practice new sins to avoid old sufferings, the shut-in can, by patience, prayer and good intention, impress on many the everlasting wisdom of the truth that "it is far better to suffer than to sin." And in teaching the lesson they are making the very atonement that others need before they can become capable of accepting suffering in preference to sin.

Daring the Unknown

The story of the man whose name is legend in America, and whose deeds represent the acme of human courage and endurance.

H. J. O'Connell

THAT brave and gallant hearts have no need of knightly trappings or the panoply of war for the performance of heroic deeds is evident from the story of the "Blackrobes," priests of many nations who came to spread the Gospel in America when it was still a new and savage land.

These men of quiet courage abandoned the seclusion of their monasteries, their scholarly pursuits, and their life of peace and prayer, in order to plunge into the wilderness, and make their home in the midst of cruel, warlike Indian tribes. Hunger and cold, vermin and lack of privacy in crowded huts, constant danger of death, privation and hardship of every kind, were an accepted part of their daily lives. Harder still to bear were the rude manners, superstitious practices, and the barbarous torture of captives, which prevailed among the savages. For all this they were heartened, not by greed of gold, or prospect of worldly advancement, but solely by a spiritual ideal, the spreading of Christ's Kingdom in all the far-flung lands of earth.

With the zeal of apostles and the courage of martyrs, they combined the prudence of statesmen, the minute observance of naturalists, the careful recording of historians, and the adventurous spirit of explorers. In many places, they were the first white men to traverse the dense stretches of wilderness of this broad new land. Fierce, wide rivers bore their bark canoes. Strange animals fled before their startled gaze. Flowers, fruits, plants, and insects found careful

description in their journals. They were not only ministers of the Gospel, but heralds of civilization, blazing a path upon which less courageous feet later trod.

America, indeed, owes much to these men, whose influence was always used for good. Yet, for the most part, all too little is known of their lives and their achievements.

Among these pioneer priests, high in importance ranks the name of Jacques Marquette, whose journey of exploration with Louis Joliet opened the Mississippi Valley to French expansion.

On September 20, 1666, Pere Marquette, then a young priest of twenty-nine, first set foot on the shore of the New World. Physically, he was not too well adapted to the rugged life of the missionary. A short, slightly built man, he did not have the iron constitution or reserves of bodily strength required to endure the privation and hardship of life among the Indians. Indeed, his frail health brought him to an early death at the age of thirty-seven.

However, what Marquette lacked in physical equipment, he made up for in qualities of spirit. He was not only a man of faith and prayer, with a deep, self-sacrificing zeal, but was endowed with courage, intelligence, sympathy, understanding, and especially with a friendliness that seemed to draw even strange Indians to him at their first encounter. Without this personal charm, very likely his great journey could never have been successfully accomplished.

After his arrival, Marquette did not

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linger long in the civilized part of New France. Within three weeks, he had taken up his station in the mission field, and was hard at work learning the Indian languages. These native tongues seem to have come very easily to him. For within a few years he was able to converse in six different dialects, an accomplishment which proved invaluable on his later explorations.

Rumors had come to the Canadian settlements from various Indian tribes of a great and mighty river, called the Mississippi, which flowed southward through forests and prairies until it ended in the sea. The French had long entertained ambitions of extending their empire south and west, and perhaps of reaching the Pacific, gateway to the coveted East Indies. Realizing what a valuable avenue of transportation such a great river would be, they decided to send out an expedition to discover and explore it.

Louis Joliet, a daring young fur-trader, whose intrepidity was only equalled by his skill in woodcraft, was chosen by the French Governor for this important task, and Pere Marquette was assigned as his priest companion. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1672, Joliet paddled into the mission of St. Ignace, where Marquette was laboring, with the exciting news of the appointment. The young priest was well aware of the dangers that lay before him. Even without the terrible tales of the Indians about fierce monsters in the river, large enough to overturn canoes and devour the passengers, there would be peril enough from the fierce tribes that dwelt along the river's banks, who were not likely to welcome white men coming unbidden into their lands. However, zeal for the souls of the natives, patriotism for France, and the very lure of the

unknown made him look forward eagerly to the journey.

On May 17, 1673, Marquette and Joliet, accompanied by five companions, set off on their great adventure. Two birch bark canoes carried the whole party, their food, ammunition, maps, clothing, equipment for Mass, and presents for the Indians. Starting at the Straits of Mackinac, they skirted the upper border of Lake Michigan, and entered what is now Green Bay. Having picked up guides among the friendly Indians, they traveled up the Fox river, and after a short portage, entered the Wisconsin, which, according to the Indians, flowed into the Mississippi. Fortunately these rumors proved true. On June 17, their delighted eyes looked for the first time on the lordly Mississippi, the great artery of the Middle West. They had discovered the location of the great river; but there still remained the even more formidable task of exploring it, and tracing its course to the sea.

The modern traveler, sailing comfortably down the Mississippi on a steamboat, or racing along its banks in a streamlined train, can have no conception of the feelings of Marquette and his party, gliding in their frail canoes on an unknown stream. Everything was new; many things terrifying. Danger and death, they realized, might be waiting around each bend. Cautiously, they made their way down-stream, landing in sheltered spots, putting out their fires as soon as the evening meal was cooked, and keeping a sentinel always on guard.

Conscious of their duty to add to the store of human knowledge, they carefully recorded and described every twist and turn of the river, every new fish, flower, and animal they saw. One can imagine their fear when a huge catfish of the Mississippi crashed against their

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frail vessel, making them think for a moment that it was "a great tree, about to break the canoe to pieces." It is amusing to read their description of the animals they encountered. A swimming mountain lion looked to them like: "a monster with the head of a tiger, a sharp nose like that of a wildcat, with whiskers, and straight, erect ears." How painstaking were their observations can be seen from Marquette's account of the "wild cattle," the "buffalo" of the western plains: "The head is very large; the forehead is flat, a foot and a half wide between the horns, which are like those of our own oxen, but larger. Under the neck is a sort of heavy dewlap, and on the back a rather high hump. The whole of the head and neck and a part of the shoulders are covered by a shaggy mane, which falls over their eyes and interferes with their sight. The rest of the body is covered with a thick coat of curly hair, almost like that of sheep. The flesh and fat are good to eat. Moreover, they are very fierce. When attacked, they catch a man on their horns, toss him into the air, and then throw him on the ground, after which they trample him underfoot and kill him. These wild cattle are scattered about the prairies in herds; I have seen as many as 400 together."

Occasionally, the exploring party made contact with human beings. The Illinois, whom first they met, were friendly. Others made a show of belligerence. However, the *voyageurs'* knowledge of the Indian languages, their small number, evident peaceful intentions, and especially the waving aloft of the *calumet*, or peace-pipe, a sacred sign among the tribes, enabled them to pass without harm.

On they went, seeing with amazement the turbulent Missouri pour its yellow flood into the "Father of Waters,"

past the present site of St. Louis, down as far as Arkansas. Here, they sat down in council and deliberated whether to go on, or turn back. The object of their expedition had been accomplished. By now they were certain that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. From the Indians they heard reports of white men who lived along its banks further south. These must be Spaniards, who would not welcome the arrival of French explorers. "We considered," wrote Marquette, "that we would expose ourselves to the risk of losing the fruits of the voyage, if we were captured by the Spaniards, who would at least hold us captive; besides, we were not prepared to resist the Indian allies of the Europeans, for these savages were expert in the use of fire-arms. Lastly, we had gathered all the information that could be desired from the expedition. After weighing all these reasons, we resolved to return."

On the return voyage, instead of going back by way of the Wisconsin, they took a short-cut, made known to them by the Indians, and entered the Illinois river, coming out into Lake Michigan near the place where Chicago now stands. They proceeded up the western shore of the lake, and arrived in the early autumn at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, on Green Bay. Kneeling down, they gave thanks to God for having preserved them from harm on the long journey of over 2,500 miles.

Though Marquette and Joliet were not the first white men to look upon the Mississippi, their voyage of exploration was of immense importance. Its results may be summarized: 1) It added invaluable information on the geography of the Middle West and the character and location of the Indian Tribes. 2) It opened the Mississippi Valley to missionary activity and colonization. 3) It

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determined France to fortify the Mississippi and its eastern tributaries, thus placing a barrier to the further spread of the English colonies.

However, the journey cost Jacques Marquette his life. Within a year, broken in health by dysentery and fever, he died on the shore of the great lake into which his paddle had so often dipped. Had he been given a vision of the future, as he closed his eyes in the midst of what was still a strange and

savage land, he would have seen great cities and towns rising in the vast territory he had explored. And he would have seen, too, with surprise, that some of these cities and towns would bear his name, that a great university and railroad would be called after him, and that his statue would be placed in the Hall of Fame at Washington. Marquette lived only nine years in America; but his name will always be held in honor by the great country his courage and zeal opened to civilization.



Tavern Lore

Some picturesque names of pubs or taverns in medieval England have come down to us. In those days a man desiring refreshment could find it in one of the following places, among others:

The Pig and Whistle
The Cat and Fiddle
Puss in Boots
Dog's Head in the Pot
Two Sneezing Cats

The Flying Monkey
The Gaping Goose
The Loving Lamb
The Cow and Snuffers
Goose and Gridiron

But it would be well for such a one to have a few coins jingling in his pocket, for tavernkeepers then as now operated on a strictly cash basis, as the following medieval verses prove:

Drink here and drown all sorrow
Pay today and I'll trust tomorrow.

Or this one:

My liquor's good
My measure's just;
Excuse me, sirs,
I cannot trust.

Nothing could be plainer than that.



For Librarians

Library Users in Future Must Not:

Enter the library if their faces are offensively dirty.
Fall asleep on the tables.
Eat their lunches while reading papers, books, etc.
Smoke in the building.
Leave their business cards behind.
Make themselves a nuisance.
Kick or damage the furniture.
Bring dogs within the portals.
Tell lies to the librarian.
Enter when they are in an inebriated condition.
If they have smallpox.

A good list of rules, we think, and comprehensive, too.

Christ and the Daughter of Jairus

Christ reveals Himself as the Master of life and death, but always as the Human Being as well.

R. J. Miller

THE Human Being was sometimes very human precisely when He was most divine. The working of a stupendous miracle, such as raising the dead to life, which constituted a dazzling revelation of His divinity, would be accompanied by particular details in the way of actions, remarks, circumstances on His part which were decidedly characteristic of a very practical and down-to-earth human being.

Such was the case when He raised the little daughter of Jairus to life.

Jairus was the "ruler of the synagogue" in Capharnaum. He led the faithful in their prayers on the Sabbath, and in general had charge of the holy place. He was consequently a man of distinction and importance in the town. Moreover, as "ruler" he belonged to a class which usually was bitterly hostile to the Human Being. "Hath any of the rulers believed in Him?" the Pharisees of Jerusalem were able to ask derisively on one occasion somewhat later in Our Lord's public life.

But Jairus was not hostile to Our Lord when his sick little girl—his "only daughter, about twelve years old," says St. Luke—took a turn for the worse and actually was at the point of death. He rushed through the streets of Capharnaum like a wild man (having heard that Jesus of Nazareth had just landed from the other side of the Sea of Tiberias), forced his way through the crowd gathered around the Human Being at the seaside, and fell down at His feet babbling like a common beggar. "He begged Him very much," says St. Mark.

The human heart of Jesus Christ was touched by a father's grief. He got up and followed the ruler at once. When they reached the house, the little girl was dead. But the Human Being raised her from the dead and gave her back to her parents.

Such was the main sequence of events in this extraordinary miracle, a revelation of the Human Being as the divine Lord and Master of life and death. But along with the main event there was also a series of minor incidents, and in them He revealed Himself differently, in a dazzling combination and interplay of both the human and the divine.

The very manner of His response to the ruler's plea, to begin with, while not strictly divine, was unquestionably that of a moral giant. The circumstances were such as to justify, on any ordinary human grounds, some show of irritation or resentment; but the Human Being gave not the slightest indication of any kind of spite.

He had just come back from the country of the Gerasens across the lake; as a matter of fact, He had been more or less "run out of the country" of the Gerasens. And the reason had been because His miracle working in that section threatened to be bad for business, or something of the kind. He had driven a legion of devils out of two poor men into a herd of swine—not a bad idea, when it is remembered that the Jews were forbidden to eat pork, and that even though the Gerasens were not actually Jews themselves, the proximity of Jewish territory gave them a remarkable

opportunity for doing a thriving business in the black market. (And when the Human Being drove the devils into the swine, and the swine ran down a cliff into the Lake of Tiberias and were drowned, it might even be claimed that that was the end of the first black market!)

But it was no welcome matter to the Gerasens; they liked their pigs and their black markets, and they wanted no miracle-worker disturbing their accepted way of doing things. "They were taken with great fear," says St. Luke—very likely a fear that all local business enterprises would meet the same fate at the hands of this reckless prophet and devil-driver as had their black market in pork. So, although Our Lord had come to bring salvation to the country, to heal their sick and drive out their devils, "the whole city went out to meet Jesus, and when they saw Him, they besought Him that He would depart from their coast."

The Human Being broke into no expressions of offended dignity at this uncomplimentary reception of His good intentions. He quietly bade His disciples get into the boat with Him, and they rowed back to the other side of the lake.

Arrived there, another occasion for self-pity or petty resentment presented itself: the "ruler of the synagogue," desperate with grief, came to babble his request for the cure of his little girl. It would have been quite human (in one sense of the term, at least) for the Human Being to look at him coldly, and refuse his request with bitter words: "Yes, you come to Me when you need something, and when every other hope is gone! But when things go well with you, it is quite another story; and I know what I have to look forward to at the hands of the rulers of My people!"

But again, the Human Being is the moral giant. The disappointments might come one on top of the other, and the evidences of human selfishness and infidelity meet Him again and again; Jesus Christ rises above them every time.

So at once and without a word of reproach He followed the ruler, intent only on healing the little child and of bringing consolation to a troubled father's heart.

They had gone only a little way, however, when there was an interruption: the woman with the issue of blood touched the Human Being's cloak and was healed. And while Our Lord was turned aside, talking to her, breathless messengers arrived for the ruler. And strange messengers they were too; obviously officious relations of the "managing" type. With total disregard for the father's feelings, they blurted out heartlessly:

Your daughter is dead! What's the use of bothering the Rabbi any more?

It must have sounded like a knell in the poor father's ears: too late, too late! No need indeed ever to bother the Rabbi any more! And his features must have mirrored the hopeless grief that clutched his heart.

The Human Being saw his face and read his grief-stricken heart; perhaps, even, He saw words of dismissal trembling on his lips: "Master, I am afraid it is too late, and am sorry to have troubled you in vain." For Our Lord hastened to speak Himself. Before the ruler could say a word, He quickly turned to him and earnestly reassured and encouraged him: "Don't be afraid; only *believe!*"

A flood of hope did lighten the father's heart, as he led or dragged Our Lord the rest of the way to his house. Arrived there, the crowd and the rest

of the Apostles were dismissed, and only Peter, James, and John, with the little girl's parents, were allowed into the house.

But there they encountered another difficulty; at least, the Human Being regarded it as an obstacle that had to be forcibly removed. Some busybody of a relation had already admitted the local professional mourners, and they were raising an unholy din, one out-screeching and outhowling the other; and some were also busy producing woe-begone tooting and wailing on primitive musical instruments.

This was the custom of the time. It was considered indecent not to show signs of grief when death struck a home. Our modern repression of all evidences of feeling at such a time would have been considered by the people of Our Lord's day as something below the human level. In fact, these people actually went to the opposite extreme. There were certain persons who made a profession of going about from funeral to funeral, or of waiting in the offing like carrion crows when death was hovering over a house, ready to offer their services as professional mourners, experts at weeping and wailing and piping sadly over other people's woes—for a certain financial consideration.

And while it might indeed be the more human thing to give expression to one's grief at a time of great sorrow, and our modern cold external indifference might well be a little less than human, this business of weeping for pay was an excess and an abuse, as the Human Being now showed in no uncertain terms. Raising His voice in stern reproof, as He could so masterfully do when occasion demanded, He cried:

Stop this wailing, and *clear out of here!* The girl is not dead, but sleeping!

Some of the English translations of the Holy Gospels have Our Lord saying "Give place," instead of "Clear out of here." But this is a strange, awkward, and archaic form of book-language, the like of which was never in the mouth of the Human Being. He did not talk the language of three hundred years previous to His times, but the vivid language of His own day; and when He wanted an irreverent yowling mob to clear out of a house of death, He said so in exactly so many words: *Clear out of here!*

The mourners understood Him only too well. The deafening din stopped at once, and they gasped at Him open-mouthed. But when they saw Him actually begin to herd them towards the door, their outcries broke forth anew, this time in a far different strain. It was evidence of how little their extravagant wailing meant to them, that now, at a moment's notice, they began to mock and make fun of the Human Being: "They laughed Him to scorn."

"He's crazy! Not dead, indeed! That's good! Who does He think He is? Let go of me, you meddler! Just take a look at her and You'll see if she's sleeping, You would-be healer! Why didn't You get here sooner, Doctor? Too late! Too late! Doctor come-to-late!"

But they all had to go. The door was finally closed behind them, and a kind of quiet descended upon the bereaved home. Then Jesus with the three Apostles and the parents went into the inner room where the dead child lay.

We can imagine how the poor parents especially must have watched Our Lord with fascination as He approached the bedside of the child. What was He going to do? Would He perform some elaborate ritual, call for incense, balm, or perhaps a copy of the Holy Scriptures? Would He begin long prayers,

or deliver some kind of solemn oration Himself?

To their surprise, it was nothing of the kind. It was something so simple that it was all over before they knew what had happened. The Human Being had worked the divine miracle of raising the dead to life, but had done it in so human a manner that the parents remained "astonished" as St. Luke says, more than anything else.

He took the little girl by the hand, and taking a deep breath, shouted at the top of His voice:

LITTLE GIRL, GET UP!

"Maid, arise," is what some of the English translations have for this command; but while the word "maid" might have been in common use to denote a little girl about twelve years old several centuries ago, it is by no means current English. And the word "arise" is never used except in poetical books as a command to get up out of bed. And we may be perfectly sure that the Human Being on this occasion did not use the language of several centuries

previous, nor that used only in poetical books.

And He "shouted"; He "cried out", according to St. Luke—as though the child was very far away, or very sound asleep, and He had to make a great human effort to rouse her and bring her back.

"And she got up immediately"—immediately and obediently, we might add, to the divine voice that had summoned her from the shades of death in so human a manner.

And then there was the final human touch:

He told them to give her something to eat.

What an anticlimax! might almost be the thought of the dramatic-minded reader and lover of Christ. Is this all the ceremony and finesse our dear Lord could put into one of the greatest of His miracles? Ah yes, but this very humanity in the midst of divinity, or this interplay of the divine and the human, is in itself an incomparable drama that has never seen its equal in the history of mankind!



The Original "Bouncers"

The following notice, it is said, could always be found in the guest rooms of the old Benedictine monasteries. It illustrates perfectly the hospitality of the monks, and proves also that they were not without a sense of humor:

BENE DICTUM, BENEDICTE!

If any pilgrim monk come from distant parts, if with wish as a guest to dwell in the monastery, and will be content with the customs which he finds in the place, and do not perchance by his lavishness disturb the monastery, but is simply content with what he finds, he shall be received, for as long a time as he desires. If indeed he find fault with anything, or expose it, reasonably, and with the humility of charity, the Abbot shall discuss it prudently, lest perchance God had sent him for this very thing. But, if he have been found gossipy and contumacious in the time of his sojourn as guest, not only ought he not be joined to the body of the monastery, but also it shall be said to him, honestly, that he must depart. If he does not go, let two stout monks, in the name of God, explain the matter to him.

What method of explanation was used by the "two stout monks" was left by the ancient writer to the imagination.



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: How much financial aid are married couples bound to give to their in-laws? My husband's relatives are of the type that always live beyond their means. We ourselves have worked and saved since the war so that eventually we may be able to buy our own farm. Now my husband's family thinks that it is his obligation to use our savings to pay for expensive psychiatric treatments needed by his sister. They speak about our "advancing the money," but knowing them as I do, I do not foresee any chance of their ever paying it back. I feel that they have absolutely no claim on our savings. This has caused hard feelings between me and my husband because I frankly resent his attitude. If you think I am wrong I shall change, but I see no security for our future if we have to pay their doctor bills.

Solution: There is a double problem here. The first one is the question of rights and duties in respect to one's in-laws. In a strict sense there is no obligation for a married couple to use up the savings they have put aside for buying a home to finance medical care for a member of the family of either. Charity suggests that they give what help they can in an emergency; it may even be added that if such help be cheerfully given, they may count on God to reward them and to provide for their future. But surely it would not be obligatory and could be imprudent to give up *all* their savings for such a purpose. I doubt that this is expected even in the case presented.

The second problem is far more serious. It is that of not permitting an issue of this kind to destroy the peace and unity of a home. Security for the future is bought at too great a price if it means that husband and wife are to be divided in spirit by a deep-rooted grudge. That is the risk that the wife in this case is running. She should present her arguments to her husband against what seems to her to be imprudent liberality; she may even ask him to discuss the problem with a third and neutral person; but she is risking everything worthwhile if she adopts a bitter, resentful attitude towards him on the ground that he is acting imprudently in giving help to his family. Many and many a home has been wrecked by such resentment, and there is little comfort in the wreckage for the one who maintains that he (or she) was right. My suggestion is that this wife show good will by proposing a compromise (e.g., partial help to the needy ones); that she say absolutely nothing unkind about her husband's relatives to him or to anyone else; and that, whether she wins or loses her point, she conquer and hide her feelings of bitterness in the matter. Savings are of no value when love has flown out the window.

Is Your Mind O. K.? (10)

The indispensable foundation of mental health and peace is here outlined. No one who accepts this philosophy need fear a mental breakdown in any of the forms that have been described.

H. J. O'Connell

THE high-pitched note of an ambulance-siren sounded above the noises of the city street. As the white car with the red cross wove through traffic, street-cars halted; autos drew to the curb; and pedestrians speculated on the emergency that had started it on its swift way.

Into the curved drive-way of a rich estate the ambulance turned, and roared to a stop before the house. A group of servants ran anxiously down the steps to meet it. "Hurry," one of them exclaimed, "The mistress is dying! It looks like poison!" With precision born of long practice, the staff seized their emergency equipment, and hastened to the sick-room.

On the bed lay a woman, no longer young, but with traces of remarkable beauty still upon her face. To his amazement, the doctor in charge recognized her as an actress whose name had flashed in lights from coast to coast only a few years before.

"I believe she took something from that bottle beside the bed," the maid said. "I heard her groan a few minutes ago, and rushed into the room." Swiftly the doctor went to work. After half an hour of brutal, sickening effort, he felt reasonably sure that the woman would live.

When she had recovered sufficiently to be questioned, she was asked: "Why did you do it?"

"Oh, Doctor," she answered, "there is nothing left to live for! I'm getting old. Men won't look at me any more.

The studio has not renewed my contract. I haven't saved any money, and haven't any real friends. Why should I go on living?"

Unfortunately, that despairing cry: "There's nothing left to live for!" is echoed in many hearts throughout the world today. Robbed of faith and hope, without religious ideals, feeling themselves helpless and alone, at the mercy of a blind, unreasoning fate in a universe devoid of light and love, persuaded that their ultimate destiny is extinction in the darkness of the grave, many moderns have not the strength or courage to continue their battle against the hostile elements of life.

Not all, indeed, choose the apparent *Nirvana* of a swift, merciful death. The majority of the irreligious continue to drift on the sea of life like ships without rudder or compass. Persistent questions intrude upon their mind, questions that no intelligent being can escape: "What is life?" "Why am I here?" "What happens after death?" "What dare I hope for?" They have no answer. In an attempt to escape, to shut out these disturbing thoughts of the ultimate, they plunge into a mad whirl of pleasure or business. At best they develop a philosophy of fatalism, a "what will be, will be" attitude which is without hope or comfort in the sorrows of life. In those moments of reflection which no one can entirely exclude, the suffocating thought comes home to them, as expressed in the words of a recent humanist, "that we are physically alone in a

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terrifying and uncaring universe, and that when our little span of life is done, we sink down into extinction, into blackness and darkness forever."

With such an interpretation of life, it is not surprising that an undercurrent of unease and restlessness, a sense of frustration, a feeling of futility and uselessness fill the soul of the irreligious man today. Nor, with such a mental background, is it to be wondered at that conflicts and neuroses are multiplied in the lives of modern men and women, that psychiatrists are receiving ever more numerous patients, and mental institutions are growing more and more crowded.

For the man or woman with sincere religious faith, the picture is quite different. Although, it should be clearly understood, the object of religion is not the service of man, but of God, although man would be obligated to worship and obey his Creator even though this brought him no benefit or reward, yet by the goodness of God, Who has arranged that by the same actions His Glory and the true good of His creatures be attained, *religion is actually the greatest single factor in preserving the mental peace and well-being of the vast majority of men.*

The chief contribution of religion from the viewpoint of mental health is that it enables the individual to form a rational, coherent, and satisfactory *plan of life*. The truly religious man looks upon the universe as the effect of Supreme Intelligence, Power and Love. He is convinced that the purpose of human life is to know, love and serve God, and thus to attain to everlasting happiness in Heaven. Hence he has a reliable and stable framework in which to fit the passing events of life. Having chosen a goal, a master-value, to which all other values are subordinate, he pos-

sesses a principal of unity and stability, of tranquility and order in the chaos of human labor and striving. In doubt and perplexity, he has definite standards by which to direct his conduct.

The concept of life as the service of God endows man with a sense of real values, suffuses his soul with the joy of living, and brings idealism and beauty into even the most prosaic life. One who lives for God has a consciousness of personal dignity and worth which is independent of all human estimates or standards. He knows that, though he never attains wealth, political influence, or social importance, his life can be successful in the highest way, since true success means saving one's immortal soul. He realizes too, that the real and lasting worth of a man consists, not in brilliant accomplishments, but in fulfilling the Will of God, however humble the circumstances in which one's lot is set. Possessed of such spiritual ideals, even the street-sweeper and the scrub-maid can be filled with a sense of consecration, an assurance that, though in a very small way, they are doing their part to realize God's Kingdom in the souls of men.

Religion contributes to mental health, not only by providing a satisfactory plan of life, but also by giving courage and strength of soul in the time of sorrow, suffering, disappointment, and other emotional crises, which are a part of every human life, and which often are the cause of mental shipwreck. It is only from the great and fundamental thought of the all-pervading Providence of God that man can derive comfort, hope, security, and peace in the midst of the storms of life.

The Providence of God, that beautiful truth so often forgotten or misunderstood, means simply: God's guiding of the world to the purpose for which He

made it. This implies, first of all, a plan in the Divine Mind from all eternity, a plan that is as great and wise and good as God Himself. Every single creature that God has made has its place in the divine plan, from the mighty stars in the heavens, to the little grains of dust that are blown about by the wind.

Every action of every creature is regulated by the Providential plan, even those that seem to happen by chance. Chance is merely the name given to the working out of causes beyond the power of man to estimate. Thus, the throwing of dice is called a game of chance, because no man can estimate which numbers will come up as a result of the working together of the various causes: gravity, the resistance of the surface, the force and direction of the throw, etc. If a man could measure all these causes, he would know every time which number would come up, and the game would no longer be one of chance for him. But with God, the Infinite Wisdom, and the First Cause of all that is, there can be no ignorance of the factors at work. Hence for Him there is no such thing as chance.

In the plan of God are included also the free actions of men, even their sins, which God permits for the sake of greater good, even the effects of these sins on the lives of innocent men and women. All these things God has woven together in His great design.

Now, as the course of history unfolds, God is occupied with carrying out His tremendous plan. This government of the world is just as great and wise and good as the plan in God's Mind from all eternity. Nothing can escape; nothing can thwart the Providence of God. Each individual human life, and every event in it—joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, health and sickness, apparent

success and failure, even the moment of each man's death—are all being directed with infinite Wisdom and Love for the attaining of God's great purpose: His own Glory and the welfare of those who love and serve Him. St. Paul has summed this up in one consoling sentence, which contains the whole Christian philosophy of life: "For those who love God all things work together unto good."

Of course, the objection that will immediately be presented by an unbeliever is: "If all this be true, if the world is governed by infinite Wisdom, Power, and Love, why the many evils to which human life is subject? Why the physical evils of sickness, pain, and death? Why the moral evils of pride, greed, and lust, with which men ruin their own lives and the happiness of their fellowmen?"

In response to this objection, it must be made clear that human beings, with their finite intelligence, cannot presume to think that they can fathom all God's reasons for the permission of evil. To do so, they would have to have minds equal to that of God. Nevertheless, God has revealed an explanation of the existence of evil which is sufficient to allow the believer in Divine Providence to see in the permission of evil the greatest triumph of God's Wisdom and Power, in so far as He can lead even evil unto good.

Human reason alone cannot arrive at a satisfactory explanation of God's permission of evil. It is true that man can recognize that physical evils, such as sickness and death, are a consequence of the possession of a material body. He can know, too, that if man is free, there must exist the possibility of sin. But still, in spite of this cold, logical reasoning, there would always arise the cry from suffering hearts: "If God is infinitely wise, powerful, and good, could He not have found a way to free us from these things?"

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The answer is to be found only in Christian revelation. God, by the special intervention of His divine power, actually did create man free from sickness, pain, the rebellion of his passions, even from the necessity of dying. But He also endowed man with free-will. For He wished to be loved, not by blind necessity, but by the free choice of the human will. Man used his freedom, the greatest gift of God, to rebel against Him. In his pride, he refused obedience to His Creator. It was as a consequence of sin that suffering and death came into the world. Suffering is the penalty of sin.

However, the Wisdom and Mercy of God found a way to make of suffering, the penalty of sin, the very means by which sin is redeemed. This is the central lesson of Christianity, the lesson taught by the red wounds of Christ upon the Cross. As Christ came to redeem the sins of men, so He took upon Himself suffering, and by His suffering and death the sins of the world have been redeemed.

In this new order of Redemption, those who loved God were destined to be made "conformable to the image of His Son"—to the image of their suffering and crucified Redeemer. Hence, Christ stated plainly: "If any man will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow me." The Christian knows that, aided by grace, he must pass like his Master through the suffering of the Passion, before he can enjoy the glory of the Resurrection.

What a difference there is, then, between the way a true Christian meets suffering and sorrow, and that of a man who knows not God! What has a pagan psychiatrist to offer a young soldier who lies in bed hopelessly paralyzed as the result of an exploding shell? What consolation can he give to a young mother

whose baby is born deformed? With what attitude except mute despair can a man who does not believe in God face the certain fact of death? One can read upon the tombs of ancient Rome the unutterable hopelessness of the pagan when death snatches one he loves: "Vale in aeternum!" "Farewell forever!" Without God, the grave is the end of all human hope and love.

The Christian, however, can meet the sufferings and sorrows of life, even death itself, not with hopelessness or black despair, but with faith and hope and love.

1) *With faith*—that he is not at the mercy of a blind, unreasoning fate, but in the Hands of the Providence of God, Who can give value to human suffering and pain, and lead it unto good.

2) *With hope*—that God will not allow man to be tempted beyond his feeble strength; that He will give grace to bear the sufferings which He has measured to each one's shoulders; and that, finally, when a man has suffered for Christ, he will one day reign with Christ.

3) *With love*—giving himself gladly into God's Hands that He may accomplish in him His great designs, praying perhaps in human weakness: "Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me," but always careful to add: "nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done!"

Which man, one may ask, in the name of all common sense, is better equipped to meet life with its perplexities, problems, striving, and sorrow: is it the atheistic modern, who looks upon himself as a glorified amoeba, evolved as the result of some nameless and unknown cause from the primeval slime, drifting during his brief span in a hostile world, and destined to the extinction of consciousness in the eternal darkness

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of death? Or the Christian, who knows that he has an immortal soul, and an eternal destiny, that his life is the gift of a loving Father, who is convinced that, if only he sincerely strive for moral good, aided by the grace of God, he will reach the fulfillment of all his desires in the eternal Kingdom of God? The answer is self-evident.

It is precisely because so many men today have lost their sense of religious values, that human society is beset by so much disturbance and unrest. For the same reason, individual men and women have lost their sense of security, their tranquility of mind and heart. Only in a return to the service of their Creator can they find that peace, sur-

passing all understanding, which God has reserved for those who love Him with their whole mind and strength and will.

Although every unprejudiced mind must admit that religion is a powerful force in promoting mental peace and well-being, some objections have been advanced by agnostic or atheistic psychiatrists to the effect that religion is in some cases a source of conflict and disturbance of soul, and that it can at times be the cause of nervous and mental disorders because of the sense of fear and guilt that it engenders. These objections will be considered and answered in the concluding article of this series.

The Rights of the Negro

Sometimes the comment is made, even by Catholics: "How is it that the Catholic church is suddenly taking such an interest in the Negro?" The editor of *Work*, published by the Catholic Labor Alliance, in answer to this comment, quotes a remarkable speech made by Archbishop John Ireland in 1891, when it was far less acceptable to speak as he did than it would be today. Here is a small quotation from Archbishop Ireland's remarks:

"I would break down all barriers. Let the Negro be our equal before the law. There are states where the violation in the Negro of the most sacred personal right secured impunity before the law. In many states the law forbids marriage between white and black, in this manner fomenting immorality and putting injury no less upon the white whom it pretends to elevate as upon the black for whose degradation it has no care.

"Let the Negro be our equal in the enjoyment of all political rights of the citizen. The Constitution grants him those rights: let us be loyal to the Constitution. If the education of the Negro does not fit him to be a voter, and an office holder, let us for his sake and our own hurry to enlighten him.

"I would open to the Negro all industrial and professional avenues—the test for his advance being his ability, but never his color. I would in all public gatherings, and in all public resorts, in halls and hotels, treat the black man as I treat the white. I might shun the vulgar man, whatever his color, but the gentleman, whatever his color, I would not dare to push away from me."

Democratic Canonization

At a church meeting in a small Connecticut town in Colonial times the following resolutions were voted upon and passed by the good people, who apparently saw nothing wrong in their outlook:

Voted: The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof.

Voted: The fullness of the earth is for the saints.

Voted: We are the saints.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

There is a Protestant minister in Madison, Wisconsin, who has taken it upon himself to start a crusade, in speech and in writing, against what he calls "the efforts of the Catholic Church to destroy democratic processes in the United States." His name is Mr. Charles R. Bell, Jr., and he is pastor of the First Baptist Church of Madison. He has several specific points of attack. One of them is the Catholic school system and any proposal on the part of members of the Catholic Church that general state school funds be used in behalf of Catholic children, such as in transporting them to their schools just as non-Catholic children are transported to the public schools. When Wisconsin citizens were about to vote on a referendum covering this matter two years ago, Mr. Bell stumped up and down the state making fiery speeches against the Catholic Church and reiterating the irrelevant shibboleth of "separation of church and state" more zealously than an ordinary, God-fearing, hate-free minister of religion might stress one of the ten commandments. A second and, in his eyes, equally important point in which Catholics should be attacked, is the fact that when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic, he must make the latter promise with him that all their children will be brought up as Catholics. By this "utterly undemocratic means," he said recently in a speech in Milwaukee, "Catholics are trying to change the culture of this country and trying to get at the roots of the Protestant home." Because the topic will probably become a popular one among non-Catholics, and may be brought up frequently in conversation, there are here presented the logical reasons for the Catholic stand, and the proofs that it is in true accord with every democratic ideal.



The Catholic position on mixed marriage is the outgrowth of the Catholic conviction of the truth of his religion. Mr. Bell does not seem to possess a conviction of this kind. He is the pastor of a First Baptist Church, but in his speeches and writings he assumes the authority to speak for all Protestant sects as if all

together they represented the one pure form of religion despite differences in doctrine, ritual and even at times morality. Thus it is understandable that he would suffer no qualms if a son or daughter of his (if he has a son or daughter) were to marry a Congregationalist or Presbyterian or Methodist; such a marriage would not offend his convictions because he perceives no fundamental difference of religious principle among these and many other Protestant sects. Nor would it, presumably, be of great concern to him if his son or daughter agreed, on getting married, to go to a Congregationalist or Methodist or Presbyterian church. Since he himself lacks convictions concerning religious truth, it is no doubt difficult for him to grasp the position of one who does possess strong, reasoned convictions on this subject. In fact it is so difficult for him to grasp this that he refuses to admit that such convictions are possible at all, and therefore, that which, to a Catholic, is merely a logical follow-through from conviction, he attributes to scheming, plotting and conspiring on the part of the authorities of the Catholic Church. When he says that Catholics are "attacking democratic processes and trying to get at the roots of the Protestant home," he is providing a reason for the Catholic attitude on mixed marriage that, in the words of the comedian in *Mikado*, "has nothing to do with the case."



The Catholic, being intellectually convinced of the truth of Catholic Christianity and possessing a normal sense of obligation to live up to his intellectual convictions, accepts three facts about mixed marriage that affect his conscience and moral responsibility: 1) that it is difficult to have the happiness and unity that God intended for marriage if husband and wife do not possess the same religious convictions; 2) that the practical problems, difficulties and disagreements that can arise in marriage from the contrary religious convictions of husband and wife can and often do lead the Catholic to compromise principle, to surrender his convictions and to offend his

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conscience for the sake of domestic peace; 3) that it is excessively difficult for a Catholic to fulfill his clear moral duty to hand over to his children the truth as he knows it and is convinced of it if his partner cannot help him, nay will even hinder him at least by the power of example, in the task. There is nothing deep or mysterious or secretive about these three facts; they are logically clear and experimentally proven. On them is based the law of the Catholic Church, which no true Catholic has any difficulty recognizing as basic common sense, that Catholics should not marry non-Catholics, and that if, in spite of the threefold danger involved, they feel that they have a serious reason for taking a chance and asking for a dispensation from the law, they must make use of every reasonable precaution against surrendering their conscience to anything it tells them is wrong. One such precaution is that of asking the non-Catholic to promise that they will be permitted to raise their children as Catholics. Without such a promise, the intelligent Catholic would know that his very marriage would be a violation of his conscience.



In practical experience it is found that most non-Catholics are more logical than Mr. Bell. Like him, they accept the principle of freedom in matters of religion, such as going to one church or another or both at different times, interpreting the Bible, etc. But they recognize it as a part of that freedom that there is nothing wrong or contrary to conscience in agreeing to permit their children to be brought up as Catholics if they want to marry a Catholic. For, though they do not possess strict convictions themselves concerning the form their religion must take, they do recognize the existence and force of such convictions in others. "I am free," they say, logically and realistically to their Catholic partner, "but I can see that you are not because of your convictions. Therefore there is nothing wrong in my agreeing to do what you find it binding on your conscience to ask me to do." The

fact that many non-Catholics come to the point where they wish to share the definite convictions of the Catholic rather than remain in their own indefiniteness concerning God and religion does not change the fact they are in good faith, acting democratically, and following the logic of their consciences when they permit the Catholic to have the say over their children.



Mr. Bell's greatest mistake, of course, is that of interpreting freedom from conviction as the only truly American attitude toward religion. It is clearly his contention that anybody who has strong convictions about religion, i.e., a sense of obligation toward truths once grasped and known, is an enemy of democracy. He thereby makes the framers of the American Constitution and Bill of Rights enemies of democracy, because they said: "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ." He thereby makes every individual Protestant who is convinced of his form of Christianity (there are some such) and who feels obliged in conscience to try to spread it and to hand it down to his children, an enemy of democracy. He thereby makes every Catholic who died for his country in the last two wars because he was convinced that patriotism is a virtue commanded by God and because he recognized inalienable rights and unchangeable truths at stake in both wars, an enemy of democracy. Democracy is not built strongly on the sands of weak, feeble, changeable and indefinite convictions about God. Its natural soil is that in which men recognize the exact truth about their duties toward God and their fellow-men and accept an obligation to make those truths known to others, to their equals by example and to their inferiors (such as their children) by teaching and exhortation. That is why we say that the Catholic who insists on protecting his knowledge of God and his convictions about the moral law God has imposed upon him, and who accepts it as an obligation to teach others the same knowledge and convictions, is in the foremost echelon among the forces of democracy.



Note to Parents

If thou desire to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's vices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold practiced in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behaviour is before thy children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' backs.

—Quarles



Catholic Anecdotes

Different Person

It is told of St. Francis de Sales that a certain young man once came to him in order to make a confession.

The youth had been leading a wild and dissolute life, and he blushed with shame as, with a true spirit of repentance, he unfolded the story of his misdeeds.

When the young man had finished, and the saint had given him absolution, the penitent murmured with downcast eyes and haltingly:

"Father, what must you think of me!"

"What do you mean, my son?"

"What must you think of me, when you hear me confess that I have been guilty of such enormous sins?"

But the saint with kindness embraced his penitent, saying:

"What do I think of you, my son?"

"Why, I think you are a real saint."

"A saint, Father! Surely you are joking."

"Not at all. A moment ago, before you made your confession, you were like the devils in hell. But now that you have been truly sorry, God has pardoned you all your sins, and you are like a saint."

After such a gentle admonition, it was with courage that this young man went his way.

New Lover

In the time of St. Augustine there lived a rich and beautiful lady named Melania, who spent her days in pleasure and luxury.

But one day she was struck with God's grace, and coming to herself, she

gave up the world, and entered upon a life of penance and mortification so rigorous that soon the marks of it began to appear upon her features.

An uncle visiting her and taking notice of her appearance, remarked sadly:

"Is this the beautiful lady Melania?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Melania. "I have given my beauty to God, and for the love of heaven I am content to be without beauty in this life."

Christian Miracle

A holy old man who lived many centuries ago in Alexandria, in the days when Christianity was much despised by the pagans, had to put up with much abuse and injury from his neighbors.

"Behold the carpenter's helper," they would call after him as he walked down the street, or "Where is this Christ who turns you into such a fool?"

One day a group of these pagans stopped the aged Christian on the street, and thinking to make sport of him, asked:

"What miracles did Jesus Christ perform?"

"He has performed one miracle that you all can see," was the reply.

"And what is that?"

"The miracle of patience. He has given me the grace to bear cheerfully with all your persecutions; he has so strengthened me that I do not resent the injuries you inflict upon me."

Knowing our own nature, we will be inclined to agree that such a course of action is indeed a miracle, and not the least of miracles either.



Pointed Paragraphs

A Time To Do Something

An energetic young priest is making American history with his remarkable success at bringing before millions of people the importance of devotion to the Mother of God. He is the Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., whose regular broadcasts on the family rosary have enlisted the best talent of Hollywood, some of the best radio listeners' hours, and glowing write-ups on the value and attractiveness of his programs. And he has crashed the citadel of the profit motive by getting most of his talent and time free.

The result is that one hears a great many people speaking offhandedly of having incorporated the recitation of the rosary into the daily routine of family life. The inspiration for Father Peyton's crusade arose from the Blessed Mother's insistence on the recitation of the rosary to the three children to whom she appeared at Fatima in Portugal, as a means of obtaining mercy and grace from God in the midst of the paganism and dangers of modern times. In fact, the Blessed Mother even promised peace, a seemingly hopeless prospect at the present time, if enough people would do penance and take part in common prayer.

No doubt there are a great many Catholic people who have as yet done nothing to join the campaign; probably some who have not even heard of it, despite its nation-wide radio programs and vast publicity. Such persons cannot say, however, that they have not known that May is Mary's month, the twelfth

part of the year in which, for centuries, Catholics have been urged to do something special to show their love for and trust in the Mother of God. Let them react this month to the age-old crusade and recite the rosary each day, preferably aloud with their families, and they will be moving themselves and the world along the road to peace.

Freedom In Danger

A very delicate but clear-cut problem of freedom in America is posed by the demand of the major radio networks and a score of independent radio stations that the Federal Communications Commission remove its ban on editorializing over the air. What the radio people want is to be permitted to propagandize in behalf of legislation, political candidates and national policies to their liking.

We can think of nothing that would be more dangerous to the freedom of America. It is true that the radio owners base their plea on freedom of speech; they contend that the rule forbidding editorializing "curbs the fundamental American right of free expression."

Let no one be deceived by the surface plausibility of the argument. There is no such thing as "free expression" if the medium to be used for it is entirely under the control of a group representing special interests. Most of the radio chains and stations are in the hands of groups representing such interests. Only business men with considerable capital can own and operate them. In operating them, the owners must practice some kind of deference, if not subservi-

ence, to other money interests in the form of big business that can afford to pay the high advertising rates that support radio. If radio stations are to editorialize, that is, to propagandize, it is certain that, with few exceptions, the channels will be choked with propaganda that echoes the limited class interests and ambitions represented by the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

The fact that the radio networks are already so powerful and universal enhances the danger. The fact that the spoken word is so much more effective than the written in inducing people to make quick decisions on controverted issues multiplies it further. It is our opinion that if the radios take to all-out propaganda, it will not be long before the dictatorship of big business will be complete.

It is bad enough that it is difficult for both sides of a public question to achieve representation in the press. It will be fatal if the radio becomes a political and social platform for its owners.

Bongo, Bongo!

We find a disturbing significance in the Associated Press Story of the juke-box shooting a few weeks ago. Most of our readers will remember the details: there was this girl who was feeding nickels into the juke-box and for some pathological reason or other had pushed the button calling for the same number twenty times in a row. And the song she wanted to hear so often was one that had been played at a conservative estimate some twenty million times prior to the fatal night. It was the piece entitled "Civilization", and it will be sufficient to quote the first two lines of its deathless lyric:

"Bongo, bongo, bongo,

I don't want to leave the Congo . . ."
Well, sir, there was a sailor who happened to be in the joint, and when he had stood it about as long as he could, he asked the girl in a nice way, mind you, if she wouldn't please play something else for a change. Well, this girl must have been a contrary witch, because what does she do but get a dollar's worth of change from the bartender and park in front of the juke-box with the remark that she's going to play the same number as long as she darn pleases. "Not while I got this little convincer with me," cries the sailor, whipping out a gun, and he promptly lets her have two bullets right in the small of the back and then just for good measure, he shoots the bartender, too.

He doesn't get away with it, of course, because the police later shoot *him*, and so the story ends up with three people in the hospital all on account of a piece of popular music called "Civilization."

The question that arises in our mind is how far the word civilization can be made to stretch. The sailor who did the shooting showed himself to be uncivilized, though he no doubt merits some sympathy as a man who was goaded on almost beyond the limits of angelic endurance. There is something questionable about the general breeding and culture of the girl in the affair; out of chivalry we shall say no more. The bartender or owner of the place leaves something to be desired in point of civilization for a) permitting a juke-box in his establishment and b) allowing it to be used as an instrument of such exquisite torture.

And while we are in a querulous mood, we shall continue our complaints by questioning the civilization of the man who perpetrated this unspeakable piece of music; all who sell it; and all who play or sing it, even if only once.

Having thus unburdened ourselves, we shall now take refuge in the nearby hills.

Movies and Art

When Georges Bernanos' novel, *Joy*, was recently done into English, one reviewer felt so overcome as to say: no American could write such a work as this. The reason is evident; there is a lack of intensity of interior life, intellectual and religious.

In a field that is better known to most people, the motion picture world is currently, as it generally has in the past, revealing the same truth. Apart from the question: are the movies true art, one can say for certain, that many a stupendous production is not as truly artistic as it might have been.

Someone once said: you do not solve a problem by making it bigger. For the same reason, a movie does not grow more artistic by being made longer. A parade of "stars" does not change a vaudeville show into a classic. One's life is hardly made richer for having heard Al Jolson sing, 'If I Only Had a Match,' just because a symphony orchestra played the melody and Leopold Stokowski directed it, and four thousand people in evening clothes shouted "Encore." Someone is losing out, and unfortunately it is the disappointed patron, even though he may have to die to find it out.

Movies like "Gone with the Wind," and Cecil DeMille productions of other years, remind one of a machine factory in wartime: so much mass accumulation of materials, such large scale construction. The plot becomes smothered in a deluge of gigantic incidentals. Fires, cavalry charges that seem to last longer than the actual battle, explosions, typhoons . . . it's chaos. The poor patron shrinks in his theatre seat, hoping the

lava and debris doesn't come landing down upon him. Instead of an emotional purgation, the end of true art, though not necessarily at all, the only end, the movie goer is emotionally jarred.

The upshot is, that frequently the secondary stuff of a picture prevents the public from gaining any spiritual values. One is dazzled, lost in momentary scenic wonder, then allowed a short space of plot dialogue. But the soul . . . "what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And when the soul of a patron is not enriched, and that because the production is vulgar or gaudy, then you have no true art. You may have a temporary alleviation from daily hum-drum. But the movies really should do more than that.

If Americans are not writing great literature, and whether they are or not is not the point here—let wiser minds decide—the movie producers are hardly doing their part to give the best that might be given. At any rate the reasons for both should be the same. Men in our midst, many of them, will not fight against the whirl of modern life and business. For this reason they actually lose their much prized liberty . . . and that not any liberty, but the most precious of all, liberty of the spirit.

Theatregoers: if you must go to the movies, be restrained in the choice, and more so, in the number of times you go. Try to set a value on what you have seen. Count the number of times you are genuinely improved by what you have seen and heard, as against the disappointments. If you find in the seriousness of your judgment that the latter well outnumber the former, then be more choosy still. Be a bit more skeptical the next time Jimmy Fidler rings four bells. And when he rings one or two, take his advice.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

HISTORY OF HERESIES

Chapter XIII. Heresies of the Fifteenth Century

Heresy of John Hus:

It was at the beginning of the fifteenth century that the heresy of Wycliffe began to make its influence felt upon the continent, particularly upon the kingdom of Bohemia. The university of Prague was flourishing at the time. But, unfortunately, a spirit of nationalism reigned in the university. Four nationalities were represented among the professors—the Bohemian, Saxon, Bavarian and Polish—and each vied with the others for supremacy. As a consequence the professors were more interested in contradicting one another than in teaching their pupils the truth. Taking advantage of these circumstances, John Hus, a professor representing the Bavarian group, obtained a ruling from King Wenceslaus that his nation alone would have more power in settling controversies than all the others combined. Enraged, the German professors withdrew from the university to form that of Leipzig, leaving Prague under the exclusive direction of John Hus.

John was a native of a small village of Bohemia, which later received its name from him. Though born of poor parents, his talents enabled him to raise himself to a doctorate at the university of Prague. And it was due to his influence that the university was transformed into a community of heretics.

After the departure of the German professors, Peter Payne, a disciple of Wycliffe, arrived at Prague. He brought

with him the works of his impious master, and began to propagate his doctrine. John Hus read these works, and though he perceived that they contained many dangerous and heretical doctrines, he determined to take advantage of their novelty to gain over a large number of young disciples. He approved their teachings, publicly taught them, and even translated some of the works into the Bohemian language. One day, while preaching in the Church of the Apostles, Matthew and Mathias, he even went so far as to exhibit the works of Wycliffe and exclaim that he desired, after his death, to attain the glory which their author enjoyed in heaven.

Many ecclesiastics who had been leading evil lives, and learned men, envious of the influence of the less-learned nobles, allied themselves with John. Sbinko, Archbishop of Prague, in an effort to remedy the situation, convoked a council in which the propositions of John Hus were condemned. The heretic was enraged at this and endeavored to arouse the people against the Council. Thereupon, the Archbishop excommunicated him and sent to Pope Alexander V the sentence of condemnation pronounced against his errors. Nothing came of it, however, for John appealed from the condemnation to the Pope, claiming that he was badly informed. Meanwhile, the Archbishop died, leaving Bohemia almost completely in the hands of the heretics.

Among the errors taught by Hus were the following: the Church is composed only of the predestined. As a result of this doctrine, no matter what deeds wicked men performed, all were evil; whereas all the acts of virtuous men were good. He also maintained that Peter had never been created the head of the Church, that it belonged to the Emperor to bestow the pontifical authority, and that ecclesiastical obedience was an invention of priests. Moreover, he taught and preached that it was an error on the part of the Church to give Holy Communion only under one species, and that those who communicated in this manner were damned.

Let us now come to the end reserved for John Hus because of his obstinacy. In 1413 the Pope condemned Wycliffe and his errors in a Council assembled at Rome. Informed of this, John set himself to impugn the authority of the Fathers of the Council. The Pope was, therefore, left with no alternative than to suspend him from his ecclesiastical office and to summon him to Rome. This, John refused to obey. In 1414 an ecumenical Council was assembled in the City of Constance. At it 29 Cardinals, 4 Patriarchs and 207 prelates were present, and the Emperor Sigismund himself assisted in person. The prince commanded John Hus to appear to defend his cause, but the heretic refused to leave Prague until he was granted a safe-conduct. This being granted, John arrived at Constance. His first act was to affix his safe conduct to the door of the Church, and in the hostelry in which he stayed, he continually praised Wycliffe and his dangerous doctrines. Though he had been excommunicated by his legitimate superior, he did not hesitate to say Mass in a chapel. The Archbishop, thereupon, forbade him to do so, and the faithful to attend his

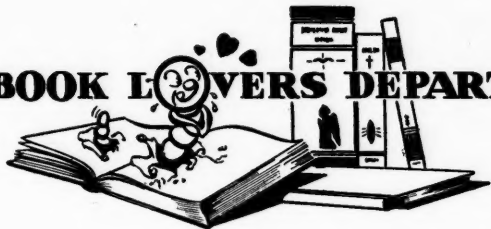
Mass. Alarmed at the turn of events, John attempted to flee the city, but was prevented from doing so.

The Council was convened, and the propositions of Wycliffe examined and condemned. When John was asked by the Council to retract his errors and his support of the errors of Wycliffe, he complied orally. But when commanded to write his retraction in the Bohemian language he refused and remained deaf to the pleas of the emperor and his fellow-countrymen.

After the heretic's declaration of obstinacy, the Council degraded him from the priesthood and handed him over to the secular authorities. He was stripped of his priestly garments, and a mitre of paper placed upon his head on which was written the inscription: "Behold, the heretic!" Louis, Duke of Bavaria, then arrested him and handed him over to the ministers of justice. He was condemned to be burned; but the sentence was not put into effect until the Duke had asked him once more if he wished to retract. When John replied: "The Scriptures say that one must obey God rather than men," the pyre was lit.

His influence, however, was to be felt long in his native country. The followers of the heretic, the Hussites, turned Bohemia into a battleground. They persecuted the Catholics, forced the Emperor Sigismund to flee, and placed Zisca, one of their own party, on the throne of Bohemia. Upon his death, however, the Hussites were divided into two factions. Only then was the army of the Hussites defeated. Sigismund returned to the throne, peace was established, and the heretics abjured their heresy. Upon promising obedience to the Pope, on July 5, 1436, they were freed from the excommunication which they had incurred.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Leon Bloy 1846-1917

The Violent Apostle

I. Life:

Any reflection on the current Catholic revival in France must inevitably bring to mind the name of Leon Bloy. Although dead for over thirty years, he still exerts a powerful influence over those who knew him personally and over those who know him only by his published works. Leon Bloy was born in Perigueux, France, on July 11th, 1846. His father, a civil servant, was a mere nominal Catholic, while his mother was a very devout one. Even as a schoolboy he manifested the peculiarities of character that were to make him an unhappy man. At eighteen he went to Paris to study architecture, but, under the influence of Barbey D'Aurevilly, turned to literature. In Paris he suddenly regained his discarded Catholic faith while watching a procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of St. Genevieve. Bloy was always improvident and unable to hold a steady position. The only two years of regular employment were the years 1877 and 1878 when he held a job with the railroad. After his conversion Bloy lived for a time with a pseudo-mystic, Anne-Marie Roule, who exerted a great influence on his Catholic life. Together they used to indulge in what has been described as an "orgy of piety." Bloy never could do anything by halves. Seven years after Anne-Marie had been committed to a mental institution, Bloy met Jeanne Molbech, a young Danish woman. In 1890 he married Jeanne, who had become a Catholic during the year that elapsed between their first meeting and marriage. Bloy was violent both in his enmities and his friendships. He was the means of bringing many into the Church. Two of his more famous converts were Jacques and Raissa Maritain. After a life of extreme pov-

erty and turmoil Leon Bloy died as the Angelus was reminding men of the Incarnation on November 3rd, 1917. Asked what his thoughts were concerning eternity he replied, a few moments before his death, "A tremendous curiosity."

II. Writings:

Bloy felt that his special mission in life was that of a prophet called to shock people from their lethargy and mediocrity of spirit. He used the strong weapons of scorn and ridicule. Satire was too delicate a tool to express the violence of his sentiments. He preached the necessity of integral Catholicism. Characteristic of the virulence of Bloy is the short-lived magazine he published, "The Stake," on which he impaled his luckless victims. Bloy published over twenty-five volumes, of which only a few have been translated. Recently Raissa Maritain has collected some of the more representative works in one volume. *The Woman Who Was Poor* is a semi-autobiographical novel.

III. The Book:

The day after Jeanne Molbech met Leon Bloy she received her first letter from him. Four years after his death Madame Bloy published these letters as: *Letters to His Fiancee*. In these letters Bloy unbare his soul to Jeanne. He reveals the unhappiness that fills his life as well as the complex motivation that animates his actions. These *Letters* are perhaps the best introduction to the soul of Bloy. Perhaps the reader will not agree with everything that is said, yet he cannot fail to be stimulated and inspired by his contact with this violent apostle of Christ.

May Book Reviews

The Stigmatist of Konnersreuth
The Story of Therese Neuman. By Albert Paul Schimberg. 232 pp. Illustrated. Milwaukee: Bruce. \$2.50.

A few days after the American soldiers entered the Bavarian city of Konnersreuth St. Therese of Lisieux again appeared to Therese of Konnersreuth. Her message was one of reassurance: "Be calm and have courage, for you have been given wonderful help and a satanic plan has been counteracted by Divine Power. Your mission is not ended. You must be a living and providential witness to supernatural realities."

This providential testimony to supernatural realities is the theme of Mr. Schimberg's latest biography. All the details about the extraordinary life of Therese Neumann are related by the author. Therese is one of the few persons who have been privileged to bear in their bodies the impression of the wounds of the crucified Savior. On most Fridays of the year the Stigmatist suffers the agony of the Passion of Christ with profuse bleeding from her wounds. The thirty-five to forty visions that accompany the sufferings are so vividly reenacted by Therese that the spectators can understand just what scene of the Passion Therese is beholding. She is much more than a passive witness of the terrible agonies of Christ. There are numerous other mystical phenomena in the life of this humble peasant woman. Of particular interest and importance is her total abstinence from food and drink since 1927. During these twenty-one years she has not taken one drop of water or one gram of medicine. Her only sustenance has been the Eucharistic Food of her Savior. Naturally, she has an intense devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. God has allowed her to be almost physically aware of His Eucharistic presence for twenty-four hours after receiving Holy Communion. On Holy Thursday this awareness lasts for forty-eight hours as if to compensate for the inability to receive Him on Good Friday. Ever since Therese's Father brought back a picture of the Little Flower from France after World War I, she has been favored with many visions and counsels of the young Saint.

These extraordinary facts are first explained in great detail before the question of their authenticity is discussed. Many non-Catholics, especially those who have never seen the marvels at Konnersreuth, explain all the

events as either fraud or the actions of an hysterical woman. Both these assertions are calmly and logically examined and rejected. Fraud is out of the question because of the eyewitness testimony of so many people of various faiths. Even non-Christians and atheists have certified to the marvels that they have seen. Her total abstinence is proven by the strict scrutiny to which she was at one time subjected for fifteen days. During this time she was never allowed out of the sight of others, and yet she actually gained weight, despite the lack of any nourishment. Hysteria is ruled out because of the sound, rugged and almost masculine common sense of Therese. As a child she never cared for the traditional fairy tales because of their unreality. When not in ecstasy she is a very calm, self-possessed, Bavarian peasant woman.

The author is exceptionally well qualified for the role of the biographer of Therese. His interest in her dates back to 1928 when he translated one of the books of the authority on the phenomena of Konnersreuth, Friederich Ritter Von Lama. Since that time Mr. Schimberg has translated two other works by Von Lama and has become acquainted with the standard works of Dr. Gerlich and Archbishop Teodorowicz. Since the murder of Von Lama and Gerlich by the Nazis, Mr. Schimberg has taken up their task of popularizing the supernatural mission of Therese Neumann. This present life has drawn heavily from the impressions of American soldiers and chaplains who have seen Therese in the past few years. This biography by the author is the best English account yet to appear. It is an accurate and sympathetic narrative that will help to awaken its readers to the providential mission of the Stigmatist of Konnersreuth.

New Catholic Life and Action in France
France Alive. By Claire Huchet Bishop. 227 pp. New York: McMullen. \$3.00.

Queen of Militants. By Emil Neubert, S.M., S.T.D. 135 pp. St. Meinrad: Grail. \$2.00.

For many years the "eldest daughter of the Church," has been a Catholic child in name only. The people adhered to the religion of their baptism only through social custom. Catholicism was only a ritual and almost a superstition that made little impression on the dominant materialism of the French peasant. The workers had in most instances long given up even lip service to the doctrines and

The Liguorian

practices of the Faith. But a new force is sweeping over France today. Many Catholic laymen and women and members of the clergy are trying to win back the people to the Catholic way of life. The two books before this reviewer describe different aspects of this great movement.

Claire Huchet Bishop was born in Brittany and has just recently returned from two long journeys through France. There she has seen the new movement in operation. From their experiences in this war there has arisen a great spirit of cooperation and a community of spirit that borders on Christian charity. France realizes that its only salvation lies in a common effort to practice brotherly love and helpfulness. Hence clergy and laity alike are going to the workers and the peasants in a way that France has never witnessed before.

Teams of priests, Sisters and lay people are living the life of the workers and the peasants. Priests are removing their clerical garb and entering the mines and factories as full time workers. Mass is being celebrated in the factories and the homes of the people. New communities of Sisters such as the "Dominicans in the World," and the "Carmelites in the World" are working in the offices and factories with the women. One of the Sisters is actually a secretary to one of the Communist party leaders. This man regards her so highly that he says she is good enough to become a party member. With an absolute minimum of oral preaching but with a maximum of Catholic living and charity these zealous men and women hope to bring France back to her place as a Catholic nation. Even non-Catholic groups are following this team method to make their doctrines acceptable to the people. There is also a strong spirit for cooperation and unity of purpose between the various religious groups.

Claire Huchet Bishop deserves much credit for this personal report on the new life in France. Anecdotes and examples make it a very stirring narrative. This book cannot fail to stimulate to action those who learn of the new resurgence of the spirit that is breathing through France.

The second book, by the Marianist priest and scholar, Father Neubert, gives a glimpse of the motivation that is behind Catholic Action in France. Mary, the Conqueror of Satan and the Dispensatrix of all Graces, is really the *Queen of Militants*. Pope Pius XII has recently called her the "victor in all the battles of God." Under the banner of Mary

all militants will have a hundred times greater success, and one that is a hundred times more solid and permanent. The first part of the book proves Mary's right to the title of *Queen of Militants*; and the second part the great assistance that Mary gives in the spiritual formation of the various warriors of Christ. This is not just another theological or ascetical treatise but a very direct personal talk with Catholic young men and women. Examples add to the force and inspiration of this book. *Queen of Militants* is a "must" book for all engaged in any form of Catholic Action.

Council of Trent—

Rt. Reverend Hubert Jedin is the author of the authoritative work on Cardinal Seripando, a *Papal Legate at the Council of Trent* (Herder, 720 pp., \$7.20). Reverend Frederic C. Eckhoff is the translator. A good picture of the counter-Reformation Church is presented in this book. Cardinal Seripando was in the midst of the work for the reform of the Faith and Morals of the clergy and laity. He was the General of the Augustinian Order to which Martin Luther had belonged. Conditions in the Order and the effects on its members of the action of Luther are well outlined. The Order lost many members in Germany and England as the result of the Reformation. Many of the final decrees of the Council were influenced by the Cardinal. Especially did his doctrine on Original Sin and Justification play a very important role in the deliberations of the sessions. Monsignor Jedin has written a very scholarly work that will have special value to theologians and historians.

Talks to Children

Talks to Children. By Rev. Fred V. Gilbert, O.M.I. 203 pp. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.50.

Listen to This. By Rev. Charles Connors, J.C.D. 126 pp. New York: Catholic Book Publishing Co. \$1.50.

To talk with children and not down to them is a real art. Father Gilbert has tested the fifty-two sermons in his book by actual preaching at the Sunday Masses. Advent and Christmas, Lent, The Sacraments, The Mass and various topics are discussed. The language and the subject matter are suited for children.

The book of Father Connors is intended to supplement the conferences of a retreat. It is especially adapted for high school retreats and can be used either in private or public reading.



Lucid Intervals

A small boy showed up at a doctor's office the other day. He had a note from his mother which he handed to the doctor. The note read: "Dear Doctor: Please will you do something to Willie's face. He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

A man in his sorrow will turn to drink,
A tire when punctured goes flat,
A preacher will pray and a horse will neigh,
But a woman will buy a hat.
A man when he's idle finds mischief to do,
A child turns into a brat,
An owl's a galoot who don't give a hoot
But a woman exchanges the hat.

Tom was visiting his friend John, who lived in a small town. One evening John suggested that they go for a walk. After walking for some time they came to the business section of the town. Noticing that a good movie was showing, Tom asked his friend if he would like to see it, the treat being on him.

John replied: "Yes, but be sure to get only one ticket. I own the theater."

Husband: "Darling, don't you think you're a bit extravagant? You've had four electric fans running all day."

Wife: "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you, dear. They're not our fans. I borrowed them from the neighbors."

The minister had come to call and was holding the small boy of the house on his lap.

"So, you can count, eh?" he said to the youngster. "Well, let's hear you."

The lad met the request with alacrity: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

"So you lost your poor husband. I'm so sorry. How did it happen?"

"He was keelt by a weasel."

"Killed by a weasel? That's very unusual. How did it happen?"

"Is driving an hotomobol. Is commeeng to a railroad crossing. Deedn't hear no weasel."

The old mountaineer gran'paw was sitting in his favorite rocker on the front porch of his little cabin. He was rocking leisurely east and west.

Sitting beside him, rocking north and south, was his youngest son Bub, an innocent little shaver of 42.

Without turning his head, the old man said: "Sonny boy, 'sno use t' wear yerself out that-away. Rock with the grain and save yer stren'th."

The three-year-old and his father were being pushed toward the rear of the rapidly-filling elevator. A kindly woman turned to the dad and said, "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be squashed?"

"Not a chance lady," answered the father. "He bites!"

The efficient young ex-Wac saw a truck rolling along without a driver. Trained for emergencies, she jumped on the running board and yanked the emergency brake. Then she started looking for the driver.

A man crawled out from under the rear wheel. "Is this your truck?" she asked. It was.

"Well, it was rolling down the street," she protested.

"I know," the driver exploded. "I was pushing it."

Jean: "My father said he didn't like women that drive from the back seat."

Gordon: "What did your mother say to that?"

Jean: "She said back-seat drivers were no worse than men who cook from the dining room table."

"I hear you sold your pig."

"Yep. Sold him this morning."

"What did you get for him?"

"Eight dollars."

"What did it cost to raise him?"

"Paid three dollars for him, and five more for the feed."

"Didn't make much, did you?"

"Nope, but I had his company all fall."

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Years Between, The

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Beauty and the Beast (French)
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Naked City, The
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Pearl, The
Saigon
Take My Life
To the Ends of the Earth

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Bishop's Wife, The
Black Narcissus
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